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MORE interesting than the actual ratification of the Four-Power Treaty with its attendant complications is the clear light the discussion, both in and out of the Senate, throws on the various ways in which Americans hope to preserve peace. (1) The ancient way of understanding between dominant nations to preserve the status quo. That is what the Four-Power Treaty means if it means anything, and there is always the danger that the understanding may, if it endures, become in effect an alliance despite reservations and interpretations. (2) The way of uncompromising nationalism which puts its trust only in its own strength. Much of the opposition to the Four-Power Treaty springs from the sort of fatuous jingoism which sees danger in even the treaties limiting navies and fortifications. (3) The way of an Anglo-American understanding—not as yet defined even in such informal conversations as Mr. Cravath implied in the speech for which Senator Borah took him to task—but none the less a real possibility. None of these is the true road to peace. Peace depends, as *The Nation* has repeatedly argued, upon the abolition of the grievances of exploited races and classes and the substitution of cooperation among peoples for imperialist rivalries or imperialist alliances at the expense of the weak. And the question for every one who can think in other terms than catch-words is whether any given treaty or international policy makes for or against the perpetuation and strengthening of imperialism. Limitation of armaments, inadequate as it is, is a step in the right direction. So, too, are arbitration treaties. The Four-Power Treaty in our judgment falls rather in the class of imperialist alliances, but in its revised form it is not an insurmountable obstacle to a non-imperialistic American policy.

THE Treaty of Sèvres has gone down to inglorious defeat with no one, not even the Armenians, we imagine, to regret its going. The Near East Conference scrapped the treaty and made proposals for a new one more in line with the hard facts of the case. No new "national home" for the Armenians being offered either by Turkey or the mandatory Powers, and it being diplomatically impossible to admit the existence of Soviet Armenia, it was decided that this home should be of a "spiritual nature" under the patronage of the League of Nations. Armenians are used to playing the part of step-children but we doubt if they have more faith in the League than the rest of us. The Turk is to keep most of Asia Minor—Smyrna being placed under special control of some sort. Constantinople and most of Eastern Thrace will be Turkish; the territory adjacent to the Straits will be demilitarized. This settlement must come as a shock to those persons who took seriously the Allied war cry: Keep the Turk out of Europe. He is back in Europe with both feet. Greece will still have Adrianople inside her frontier, but it may later be subjected to a special control, similar to Smyrna's. Greece and Turkey have been given three weeks to consider these proposals and the demand for an armistice that went with them. They will probably make a show of counter-proposals and reservations and finally accept the offer. In effect Turkey accepted it when she came to her secret terms with France last fall; and Greece will accept because she must. It is interesting to see how British policy has been brought into general line with the pro-Turkish policy of France through Great Britain's need of placating her Moslem millions.

IN one important respect, at least, the demands of the Reparation Commission upon Germany for the year 1922 show an increased appreciation of realities. Instead of insisting upon an impossible payment of two billion gold marks, a modification has been made calling for 720,000,000 gold marks (of which 280,000,000 have been paid) and material to the value of 1,450,000,000 gold marks—this last apparently an ideal total from which in practice deviations will be allowed. This willingness to accept goods is not only a practical necessity, if reparations are to be made at all, but it is as advantageous from the standpoint of the financial equilibrium of the Allies as that of Germany itself. As a means of insuring payment the Reparation Commission, however, has made extraordinary demands on Germany, including a taxation program to produce 60 billion paper marks (in addition, apparently, to an interior loan of one billion gold marks, already voted, for the purpose of balancing the national budget), a limitation of issue of paper money, autonomy for the Reichsbank, and an Allied commission of guaranties exercising a rather undefined con-

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trol and supervision of German finances. This demand for an Allied commission of control is apparently intentionally humiliating and Germans naturally view it as a surrender to the French desire to harass and ruin them. It is significant that the terms, instead of improving German credit, produced a violent fall in the exchange value of the mark. International bankers regarded them as unsound.

SO the Socialist German Government has been compelled to choose a director of Krupps, a *Grosskapitalist*, to represent it in Washington! That is, indeed, the irony of time and fate. But the German Republic had tried one man after another in vain. Only one able to spend millions of marks to keep up the office and do the necessary entertaining could be won for the task. If men only of the Stinnes type—big-business men all—can represent her abroad, republican Germany will inevitably be misunderstood. We had hoped for the appointment of an idealist, a man of learning, one thoroughly identified with the new spirit of Germany and known for his opposition to the old regime. Yet perhaps the most pressing task of this period of artificial hatred is to restore German-American commerce despite the handicaps of low exchange and reparations bills—and in that a keen business man can serve effectively. Intellectual *rapprochement* between the two countries may come best if it comes slowly and of itself. For any German ambassador there are innumerable pitfalls to be avoided. Dr. Wiedfeldt will be wise not to let himself be drawn into the movement to organize politically our citizens of German descent. Other ambassadors from other lands have occasionally forgotten that there is a difference between an ambassador and a propagandist.

WHEN men, presumably of the Irish republican army, took possession of two Orange halls in Dublin it was the first reprisal in Ireland outside the six counties of North-East Ulster for the continued persecution of Catholics in the territories of that wee government. But the vengeance of the Irish Army for the pogroms which their Ulster fellow-nationalists and co-religionists have suffered may take more tragic forms than border raids, a renewed boycott against Belfast goods, and the appropriation of a few halls. The army may force the hands of leaders of both the Republican and Free State factions who have shown exemplary patience in dealing with the Ulster Government and the Orangemen. Some of the most diabolic crimes have been committed not by the mob but by the "Ulster specials" recruited originally by the British out of Carson's army and now in theory under Sir James Craig's command. At last there are signs that politicians concerned for the British empire, and preachers jealous for the Protestant faith, and employers zealous for profit are learning the old lesson that it is easier to raise the evil spirit of bigotry in the mob than to restrain it or to cast it out. But now it is time to act; either let Sir James Craig, backed by the British and by decent sentiment at home, stop murder, whether by the mob or his own special police, or let the Ulster Government, aided by the British and all others responsible for exploiting bigotry, pay to evacuate from Belfast and support in safety the Catholic workers who now go in terror of their lives.

FOR years the propaganda of the oil interests, financially potent yet numerically an insignificant group, has bedeviled our Mexican relations and kept the peoples of the two countries from understanding each other. This agitation, which has been reflected in Washington's policy, has identified Mexico with oil and obscured the fact that our 15,000,000 Mexican neighbors represent a great potential market for American goods. In consequence trade relations, naturally a stimulus to mutual good-will, have suffered. The Mexican Chamber of Commerce of the United States, newly formed with a board of directors of well-known American and Mexican business men, augurs a change. A bulletin issued by it lists 247 classifications of American manufactured articles and raw products which Mexico imports; it lists also some 135 products which Mexico exports. Perhaps if this organization had existed ten years ago, the needless impasse between the two governments and our blind failure to recognize the most hopeful government Mexico has ever had, would not have been. One has only to look upon the picture of our relations with our other great neighbor to realize our failure with Mexico.

WHY are 113 political prisoners still confined in Federal prisons? Partly because responsible officials of the Department of Justice have not themselves learned or told the President and the public the truth about the cases. They have accepted and circulated the misinformation of stupid, ignorant, or vindictive subordinates. For instance the Department told the press that European countries had not freed war-time political prisoners. This falsehood, we now learn, originated with some anonymous clerk in the State Department from whom an official of the Department of Justice sought information over the telephone. Mr. Daugherty recently wrote a group of churchmen that the I. W. W.'s convicted at Sacramento were concerned in the deliberate destruction of property which during the war cost California $50,000,000. No specific evidence of this was brought against them in their trial, nor by State records was there any such destruction of property. Ten Oklahoma tenant farmers are still in prison—and their families in misery—because of their participation in a bloodless "rebellion" against the draft law. The Department of Justice declares that they were responsible for the death of a sheriff and deputy sheriff, but both gentlemen are alive and well though one was wounded by a bootlegger. The Attorney General who was so solicitous for the health of Mr. Nobbe of the tile trust recommends no mercy for the poor political prisoners who suffer from tuberculosis. And he has refused to consider the case of Vincent St. John who was not even a member of the I. W. W. for two years prior to his arrest.

BUSINESS continues to be extraordinarily "spotty"; that is, it is much depressed, with certain bright spots in every industry and trade. Thus a few railroads, a few automobile-makers, a few builders are doing extremely well while others are near the abyss. A striking phenomenon is the way the great New York hotels have suddenly lost trade so that several have reduced their rates almost to pre-war figures and are advertising for custom. The large retail stores have similarly experienced an overnight check in their trade, while lesser trades-people are struggling desperately to keep afloat. The great coal stirke has had a smaller effect upon business than had been expected; the public was not even urged to lay in stocks in advance of the first of April. In the West the rise in the prices of certain farm products is bringing fresh hope to the farmer. In the iron industry there are signs of recovery. The bond business continues extremely brisk and there is money in plenty for new issues. But at bottom

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the situation is anything but reassuring, for which a chief reason remains the chaotic condition of Europe, which Genoa is likely only slightly to improve. The world remains safe for neither democracy nor prosperity, but the bulk of our people seems quite uninterested in public affairs, treaties, and the world's crisis, and seeks such pleasures as will enable them to forget more serious matters.

THE action of Dr. Wallace W. Atwood, president of Clark University, in stopping a speech by Scott Nearing (as told in *The Nation* of March 29) has had the usual aftermath, in which may be noted an attempt to muzzle the faculty, an effort to overawe the students (almost unanimously opposed to the president), and the familiar story of a threat against the life of the "upholder of law and order" which has become as inevitable as ridiculous in such cases. At a meeting at which Dr. Atwood explained his attitude toward free speech—declaring his intention to censor student meetings in future—uniformed policemen were stationed at the doors and plain-clothes men were said to be scattered about the hall. A day or two later the newspapers printed the predictable story of a letter received by Dr. Atwood threatening his life. Incidentally the Worcester *Telegram* and the *Evening Gazette* (under one management) refused their advertising columns to *The Nation* for an announcement of its article on the Nearing episode. The Worcester *Post* accepted the advertising.

APRIL sees the campaign for an American standard of living in progress on two great fronts—in the New England textile mills and in the coal fields. Unrelated as the industries seem, the causes of conflict and the attitude of the employers are not dissimilar. In both cases, too, investigation leaves no doubt that the manipulation of profits by over-capitalization and other familiar devices is a very great cause of the poverty the bosses plead. The extension of the textile strike to Lawrence, Massachusetts, following a 20-per-cent cut in wages shows that both the employers and the workers are in no mood to yield. In the coal strike the first important victory for the miners will be won if they can succeed in persuading any considerable proportion of the workers in non-unionized fields to strike with them. One thing that we may hope is that public opinion will not tolerate the ruthless violence against the strikers which characterized the last Lawrence strike, the steel strike, and Attorney General Palmer's tactics against the coal strike in 1919. The courts have often been the powerful allies of employers, but recent events in the long-drawn-out strike in the Newport, Kentucky, rolling mills suggests the possibility of a more neutral attitude. In that city one court enjoined the strikers from intimidating strike-breakers while another enjoined the State troops from interfering with the strikers' meetings. May other courts keep the scales as balanced.

THOSE who lament that there is less thrift in America today than in the era of Benjamin Franklin may find a partial explanation in the history of the Island Oil and Transport Corporation which has just been placed in the hands of a receiver. Unlike a good many oil companies, the Island was not organized merely to sell stock; it had tangible assets which justified favorable consideration on the part of investors, and in the year 1920 made $7,000,000 in the sale of its oil. But the stockholders never received a penny. Control had been vested in advance in a voting trust of three, consisting of Mortimer M. Buckner, president of the New York Trust Company, James T. Monahan, vice-president of the Metropolitan Trust Company, and Michael J. Murphy, formerly vice-president and treasurer of A. B. Leach and Company, the brokerage house which financed the Island Corporation. No meeting of stockholders was ever called, but the voting trust that was supposedly acting in their interest paid the company's president a bonus of $60,000, in addition to an annual salary of $50,000, and last December approved an issue of $3,209,500 in new stock, nearly half of which went to A. B. Leach and Company "in payment for services." The stock, which was then selling at $3 a share, dropped directly to $1.50 and then to $1.25. The tragedy of the small investor today is his helplessness in the face of such miserable financial trickery. Is it any wonder that he falls back on the philsophy: "The money I spend I enjoy; the money I save some other fellow enjoys"?

ANATOLE FRANCE is, in a sense, the heir of all the ages as is no other living man: in him the golden detritus of civilization from its beginning appears to have accumulated and to have found there its finest voice. He is at home in the remotest ages and lands; he shares, it seems, the secrets of souls the most diverse in constitution; he takes his way among ideas of every sort without a moment of trepidation or awkwardness; he has met innumerable aspects of beauty and has never once closed the eyes of his understanding. What is perhaps even more wonderful than that he should have so assimilated and so uttered the wide world, he has suffered from no scholarly or poetic paralysis but has kept both the power to be stirred by injustice—without merely reflecting that the race of man has often been unjust—and the willingness to speak out when any neglected human need arises. The chief impression of all his work is that of a wise man talking wittily and beautifully, and in nothing which he has written is this more evident than in "The Opinions of Anatole France," recorded by Paul Gsell, of which *The Nation* begins serial publication in this issue. Here, without the formality of composition or the disguise of a character of fiction, the master talks in his villa with his friends.

HOW much do we care for poetry? It is said to be rather popular in these latter days and a certain public does indeed seem to have taken to the prickling little surprises of the imagists or the acute little observations of the pseudo-psychoanalysts in verse. All these have their place. But the great accent in verse—does it not approach the fate of the notes that lie beyond the audible scale? There is Clemence Dane's "Will Shakespeare." The subject sounds learned rather than creative; you may think of the dramatic values as you please. But we are a trifle shocked to find that no one has remarked on the sheer poetry of the performance. Many passages are of a compact vigor, beauty, and tragic depth and amplitude of speech that we do not know where to match in contemporary English. Clemence Dane commands lift and rapture as well as intellectual steadiness, both the imaginative qualities and the "fundamental brainwork" that make verse memorable. Yet more is made of a sheaf of fluid little pictures in a manner that strives after a kind of organization not discovered or perhaps discoverable.

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Britain Floundering Through

THE London *Nation* does no more than state the problem when it says of Britain's political crisis: "The Empire is almost on its back, and no sectional government is likely to do more than set it up in some semblance of its normal way of life. Having been dosed and doped with the cant of patriotism, it is time for Britain to have a taste of the real thing." The *Nation* pleads for a government which will have the confidence of the country and tries to hold the hope of a revival of a lusty, organized liberalism. But its tone is worried, and we find England in a situation where every voice is filled with anxiety and bewilderment. No party, no newspaper, no public man sees a clear way ahead. The *Morning Post*, teetering on the extreme right-hand edge of the Conservative platform, is shaking an angry finger at Mr. Chamberlain and telling him with the plaintive reiteration of an old crone that he can support Lloyd George all he likes; the Conservative Party will be against him at the polls and all the good he'll do will be to break the party, scrap his machine, and lose the elections whenever they come off. The *Observer* indulges in rather solemn reasoning: Unless Mr. Chamberlain and other Conservative supporters of the Coalition can inject a little more enthusiasm into their protestations to the Prime Minister and can bounce the intransigent Sir George Younger and line up the Conservative Party behind the present Government, Mr. George owes it to his dignity and his country to resign on the spot. The *Manchester Guardian* sees in such a resignation the opportunity for recreating a strong Liberal Party with Lloyd George at its head. Let him escape the entanglements of coalition and conservatism, it urges; let him stand for Irish peace and the Genoa Conference and defy the die-hards. To all of these hopes the London *Nation* shakes a weary, disillusioned head. The Coalition is dead—killed by its own incompatibilities and distempers—and nothing is clearly visible to take its place. No Liberal Party could harbor Lloyd George, who will doubtless try to retrieve his fortunes and survive the elections through the formation of a new Center Party composed of National Liberals and Tory moderates. The hope of the country, our friend the *Nation* believes, lies not with any such rump coalition party—born of dissension and carrying in its own body the seeds of more dissension—but with a revival of liberalism or with a victory of labor or with a working combination of the two. It suggests tentatively the sort of government that might come of such a union: "Mr. Clynes, Mr. Henderson, Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Snowden, Mr. Tawney, and even Mr. Sidney Webb on the one hand; and Lord Milner, Lord Haldane, Mr. Asquith, Lord Robert Cecil, and Lord Grey on the other. . . ."

But somehow the London *Nation* fails to persuade us with even this bill of fare; we are convinced by its cynicism rather than by its hopes; when it urges its program it is only another of the bewildered voices calling for light where there is no light. Lloyd George is, indeed, cut off by his record from a reunion with an independent Liberal Party; he is no less cut off by the presence of Mr. Asquith, who would never consent to a Liberal revival presided over by Mr. George. On the other hand the Labor Party is in no mood to cooperate at the polls with the Liberals, and a post-election combination of the two groups would, we believe, prove no more stable than the present coalition. The list of names suggested above gives rise to a certain amusement; in more instances than one it offers the picture of imperialism and industrial conservatism proposing to lie down by the side of internationalism and industrial democracy. Milder antagonisms than these have blown the present coalition to pieces. Even a clear-cut labor victory might conceivably emerge from the chaos of British politics today; certainly the Labor Party, suffering though it is from the common dearth of leaders, has a machine and a party organization relatively unimpaired. But we dare not hope for such an outcome; the forces of reaction in England are strong, if disordered, and the forces of inertia and political disillusion are stronger still.

The truth remains that the one outstanding political power in Great Britain is Lloyd George himself. If he is beaten it will be because his machine is broken—not his policies nor his personal power. He has no rival in all British public life. He has lied to the British people; he has bullied labor and deceived it—even now he is backing the mine owners in their unscrupulous abandonment of the second part of the Mines Act, and the Sankey report is nothing more than a monument to a dead hope of justice. But Lloyd George stands before the people with the Irish settlement in one hand and the Genoa Conference in the other, and asks them to choose between his achievements and—what? The Conservatives have nothing to offer but their spleen and their poor old "principles." The Liberals have a record of faithlessness to principle, of obstruction and failure. The Labor Party has a good program, but it is untried, and the last three years have seen the ranks of labor falter before the terrific economic consequences of the peace; the Treaty of Versailles did more than anything else to put off labor's hope of success. And none of these parties can offer statesmanship. If Lloyd George sticks to his Irish settlement and brings peace out of it; if he holds to the need of talking with Germans and Russians at Genoa (and with Sir Robert Horne's help he may even discuss reparations!) we may yet see him returned as Prime Minister of Great Britain—the one strong and clever man in the midst of chaos.

Fit to Rule

WE are inclined to think that only Gilbert and Sullivan could do absolute justice to the situation in Washington. Certainly were those gifted authors alive they could not resist the opportunity of setting to music and embalming in lyrics the bonus comedy. Having fled from the give and take to Florida, the President doubtless hoped the pesky thing would be out of the way when he returned. Vain dream! His reappearance at the White House was the signal for further solemn delegations to wait upon him to know the august mind. Alas, that organ refused to function. It was, he firmly exclaimed, the duty of Congress's leaders to lead. Perish the idea that he should deprive them of that right; they could extricate themselves as they pleased from the pit they had digged for themselves. To a slow and mournful dirge the delegations returned to Congress, with the result that the House finally passed a bonus bill which it is not at all certain can become a law; they would be the first to flee from its dire financial effects if it should pass. But they at least can go back to their constituents and say: "*We* stood by our heroes."

Now, if these bothersome Congressmen had stopped there

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all might have been well. Taking the President at his word, however, the House leaders thought they would do a little leading in army and navy matters. So they decided to overrule the War Department and actually cut the army to 115,000 when the President wants 130,000 and Secretary Weeks and the General Staff believe the country will perish if there are not 150,000 to save us from midnight attack. Cries of pain from the White House, coupled with threats of a veto. That—how plain it is to every sensible man!—is an encroachment on the functions of the Executive. Has he not alone the right to assign troops? And has not the House voted to withdraw all our troops from China and to cut the garrisons in Hawaii and Panama to 5,000 men? Plainly the Commander-in-Chief's rights and prerogatives are so seriously invaded that a veto alone will set things to rights. Economy? Who said economy? Oh, yes, the President, of course. But that is already attended to. The White House can take care of it. What about the Disarmament Conference and the Four-Power Treaty which were supposed to have banished for years and years all danger of war? Shhh! Anybody who would cite that could only be a Borah or a Democrat, or some malicious person who might be mean enough to recall, as he reads of the President's anger because the Senate will not see eye to eye with him, that it was on August 19, 1920, that a certain Warren G. Harding solemnly declared on a front porch that

> I had rather have the counsel of the Senate than of all the political bosses in America. Under the Constitution the Senate must advise and consent to all important appointments made by the Executive. I don't think we have lived up to the Constitution in this matter. The tendency has been for the Executive to arrogate to himself all the powers of government.

So the merry game goes on. The House leads? Well, in a blind way, yes, when it yields to the universal desire for a small army and navy, but as for individual leadership when was the lower House as barren? We are well aware that every generation has judged its House of Representatives to be the most destitute of great men—yet we venture to put in a claim that our present-day House breaks all records for inconspicuousness. If any one of the "inquiring reporters" of our metropolitan newspapers were to stop five well-dressed and prosperous looking citizens to ask them the names of five nationally known Congressmen could any of them cite anyone else than an octogenarian about to retire to a well-earned Illinois rest, or possibly the name of the Speaker, Mr. Fordney, and Mr. Volstead? If it were proposed to hold a meeting in Carnegie Hall to attract national attention what Congressman would naturally suggest himself as the one whose words would find their way from ocean to ocean? In the Senate, fortunately, the situation is not so amazing. There several have names to conjure with, but only a few whose reputation is based upon sound knowledge.

That, it may be said, is today true of all the world. The war has debased all legislatures as it has in the newer countries brought men to the front who were without previous experience in statesmanship or in governing. If England seems to have only Lloyd George to fall back upon with all his shortcomings, in Washington the Republican Party is without men of strength save, curiously enough, in the opposition within its own ranks. The regular opposition, the Democratic, is equally destitute of leadership. All of which has the hopeful side that the longer it continues the nearer must come the day of a realization of the growing gravity of the whole situation, and the truth that the hour calls for new men as well as new measures.

Mr. Bryan's Religion

MR. BRYAN'S thunder against evolution has come in for a surprising amount of support in this twentieth century and for much caustic condemnation. Most of that criticism, however cogent it may be intellectually, seems to us to miss the human significance of his passionate denial of the evolutionary hypothesis. Whatever his faults Mr. Bryan is possessed of sympathies wider than those of the sectarian; he has been a crusader, according to his lights, for the people's cause. Yet at the close of the Great War this silver-tongued champion of various economic theories, this apostle of world peace, is more concerned to prove that men are not descended from monkeys than to show them how they might use even their simian heritage to improve their world. It is worth while to ask why.

Quite obviously Mr. Bryan's interest is not scientific or intellectual though he is at rather pathetic pains to rationalize his position. Nor, we think, does it spring from a rooted aversion to relationship with the animal kingdom but rather from the settled belief that without the authority of inerrant Scripture he can have no sure hold on God. Less consistent than Voliva of Zion City, he does not affirm that the earth is flat—though this is also the plain teaching of the Bible. That controversy has been settled and Mr. Bryan unconsciously interprets the ancient cosmology as poetic. He cannot do as much with the creation stories, and since he cannot he must believe them, else in a world "swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight" he could have no abiding faith.

An even more striking sign of the times which also has its roots in an elaborate but exceedingly literal faith in every word of Scripture is the belief in the imminent return of Christ. That belief which is characteristic of the earliest days of Christianity has never died out, and it grows mightily in time of war and disaster. Whenever men's power to fulfil their own hopes is mocked, as it has been within these last years, there is a resurgence of the belief that at any moment God will intervene in behalf of His saints. This hope, which is widespread in America, at best is a source of division in the church and deprives men of incentive for the immediate tasks before them. At worst it is a cruel and ugly thing. The Jesus for whom some of these fanatics look is a celestial conqueror, vindictive and brutal, who will punish his enemies and reward his friends. True believers will share in his triumph and his vengeance. In such spiritual arrogance do they find compensation for their weakness.

This rejection of science in the name of religion and the intensity of the apocalyptic hope cannot set back the clock. Even the Kentucky Legislature defeated the anti-evolution bill by one vote. But these theological survivals are symptoms of a fear of life. The *Literary Review* declared the other day: "The plain truth is that as a civilization we are less sure of where we are going, where we want to go, how and for what we wish to live, than at any intelligent period of which we have full record." Mr. Bryan's reaction against the times proves the *Review's* point as well as the very different illustrations which it cites. And the answer to Mr. Bryan, in the long run, will not be found in the realm of pure intellect but in the quest of those who unafraid of truth seek a new and liberating discipline and hope which, being more truly religious than Mr. Bryan's terrified traditionalism, will give meaning and value to life.

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Childlike America

DURING the conference at Cannes last winter the newspapers gave wide currency to a remark of M. Briand in which he scoffed at golf. "It is a game for schoolboys," he said to Lloyd George, who is devoted to the sport. "Englishmen never cease to be children. Cannot you enjoy a country walk without hitting a silly little ball?"

The declaration that "Englishmen never cease to be children" M. Briand would certainly extend to us, since we are equally addicted to golf and because Frenchmen invariably lump Englishmen and Americans as one race with like qualities. How are we to square this sentiment with the popular belief in this country that the Latin races, including the French, are especially childlike, much more so than we ourselves? Perhaps we might simply dismiss it as untrue, but right on top of M. Briand's declaration comes a pamphlet "Irrepressible America," issued by the League for Industrial Democracy, in which Scott Nearing gives his impressions after a swing around the country. At Springfield, Ohio, he watched a crowd of 5,000 rapt in the performance of Babe Ruth as depicted on a score board.

> Then it was that the fact struck me with full force: I was dealing with boys! This close-pressed mass of five thousand—multiplied again and again in all the principal cities and towns of the country—was a crowd of boys lost in the contemplation of one of their favorite amusements. I saw and understood that these millions were more interested in the outcome of a baseball game than they were in the outcome of an Unemployment Conference or of an Arms Conference. . . . What were the dominant characteristics of these men and women? Ignorance, innocence, a love of play and adventure, a desire to "do" things and people—the outstanding characteristics of childhood.

What, then, are we to conclude—that both Americans and Frenchmen, the whole human family, indeed, are children and equally so? Possibly; but not in the same way. One can differentiate somewhat. Speaking broadly and not too insistently, it may be suggested that the French and other Latin peoples are more childlike than we Americans socially, while we are more so than they intellectually. The Latins are more easily amused—above all know how to amuse themselves more easily. A brass band and some red fire are enough for the gayest kind of an Italian *festa*, while bags of confetti and open boulevards are all that Paris needs for a glorious Mardi Gras. We, on the other hand, after we reach "years of discretion" seem to lose the capacity to play; we have to hire others to play for us while we look on. These facts are generally admitted, but we are far from realizing yet our youthfulness in the field of intellect. The man in the street in Paris often displays a grasp of complex public questions which is startling to one used to the muddle-headedness of the average New Yorker. Our intellectual youth was never better illustrated than during the war—and since. Not only did we rush heedless and unconsidering into something which we did not understand, but when we finally saw we had been taken in we ran away from Europe with the characteristic ultimatum of childhood that we wouldn't play any more.

To this intellectual youthfulness of Americans Mr. Nearing attributes the fact that socialism, labor organization, and the like have made so little progress. Not the theories but the methods of education have been wrong, he thinks. To reach the American people one "must organize an elementary school and teach in an elementary way."

Worse and Worse

RECENTLY the Roving Critic discovered what he thought to be the worst book in American literature, and then the Drifter followed with a rival claimant for the honor. It is time now for the editorial department of this ancient and learned periodical to take a hand and to point out that those newcomers into journalism neglect that classic of badness, "The Balsam Groves of Grandfather Mountain," by the mellifluous Mr. Dugger of North Carolina. How about this description of "the fairest of North Carolina's daughters"?

> Her raven-black hair, copious both in length and volume and figured like a deep river rippled by the wind, was parted in the center and combed smoothly down, ornamenting her pink temples with a flowing tracery that passed round to its nodillion windings on a graceful crown. Her mouth was set with pearls adorned with elastic rubies and tuned with minstrel lays, while her nose gracefully concealed its own umbrage, and her eyes imparted a radiant glow to the azure of the sky. Jewels of plain gold were about her ears and her beautifully tapering hands, and a golden chain, attached to a time-keeper of the same material, sparkled on an elegantly rounded bosom that was destined to be pushed forward by sighs, as the reader will in due time perceive.

But we save the reader the anguish of any such perception. Let us consider the heroine in a happier moment:

> Here her voice faltered; the tide rose in her two little spherical oceans, in which Cupid was wont to swim, and the floods banked against the lids like circles of liquid silver; her dimples radiated scarlet paths for the inlet of tears and her whole face moistened as if to exude ambrosial dews. He looked down upon her as if the pearly gates had swung open and he had discovered the blest abode. Then he put his arms gently about her, and as he kissed her flushed cheek her lachrymal lakes overflowed, and she leaned on his bosom and wept.

Nor does the book lack its comic elements, as this:

> The ladies were in deep sympathy with him; but when it became known that he was not seriously hurt, they were so amused as to forget all the excitement of the past. They turned their backs and giggled, they muffled their faces in their handkerchiefs and snickered; they bowed their heads toward the ground and chuckled, till finally their perception of the ridiculous overpowered them, and the gentlemen imbibing their mirth from the ladies, all save Leatherstocking joined in such a roar of laughter as was never heard before on Grandfather Mountain. When Lydia became able to analyze her overwhelming conglomeration of sympathy and glee, she said: "Mr. Leatherstocking, we are not laughing because you fell; it was the exceedingly awkward position that tickles us."

No, the Roving Critic and the Drifter have nothing, as they might say, "on us." But if they still persist that their gems are worse than ours we shall go farther back into the history which *we* command and cite them a passage from Mrs. Rowson's "Charlotte Temple":

> At that instant Julia Franklin passed the window, leaning on her uncle's arm. She courtesied as she passed, and with the bewitching smile of modest cheerfulness cried: "Do you bury yourselves in the house this fine evening, gents?" There was something in the voice! the manner! the look! that was altogether irresistible.

Do not, Roving Critic and Drifter, push us too hard, or we shall quote the immortal couplet from Timothy Dwight's denunciation of slavery:

> Why streams the life-blood from that female's throat?
> She sprinkled gravy on a guest's new coat!

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The Opinions of Anatole France

The Nation in this issue begins the publication of a series of notable and important articles by the great French man of letters who is one of its contributing editors. They are taken from Paul Gsell's forthcoming book "The Opinions of Anatole France," translated by Ernest Boyd and to be published by Alfred A. Knopf.

Dreamer

I KNOW very well that the dreamer is a person of little consequence beside the politician. The politician is the idol of the mob. He is its master and its slave. He drags in his wake the whole tribe of those who seek favors. He is influential, celebrated, famous. He holds in his hands the destiny of the people. He leads them to prosperity or to ruin. He makes the laws, and that, more than anything else, seems to denote his power. To make laws, to draw up regulations which the crowd must obey, to set the limits beyond which no citizen has the right to go—is that not almost divine sovereignty?

There is only one reservation to be made; that is, laws never regulate anything. When the authorities formulate a law it has long since passed into common usage. It can merely sanction custom. If it does not, it remains a dead letter. Above the legislator there are accepted customs. Now, by whom are these established? By everybody, but particularly by the dreamers. Is their mission not to think for the community? In order to think, training is necessary, as it is for manual labor, for commerce, for seamanship, for house-building. I do not know whether the men who cut and polish ideas have more merit than other mortals. At least, when they play their part well, they are entitled to some gratitude.

In many ways they make life better for everybody. In his laboratory, from his quiet courtyard, the frail, bespectacled man of science reshapes the world. Under our very eyes do we not see the revolution spreading which modern machinery, and particularly the steam engine, has effected? The echoes of this invention are far from dying down. Distances are shortened. This Europe of ours, reduced in size by the extreme rapidity of communications, is really no larger now than France was under the First Empire. At this moment the whole world is not much larger than little Europe was a century ago. What imminent changes in the history of the world this truth foretells!

Then there is the prodigious rise of books, pamphlets, and newspapers, which scatter everywhere the most daring ideas. Do they not hasten the coming changes? It is not only by inventions that the dreamers change the existence of their fellow-men, but by ideas and speculations which seem most useless. Copernicus proves that the earth is not stationary. He drives it from that central position which it so proudly occupied. It is nothing more than a frail wanderer through infinity. Consider the deep repercussions of this change. Since man no longer dwells at the immovable center of the world, since he wanders over a little drop of mud lost in the immensity of space, he is no longer lord of the universe. He is losing his theological assurance. Doubt, criticism, and all the fruitful restlessness of modern times are getting under his skull. A poor creature, most uncertain and very pitiable, he realizes a little better every day the sanctity of tolerance and mutual compassion.

Darwin teaches the law of evolution. Think of the unlimited influence it will henceforth exercise upon the mind. Constantly the mind feels more and more the profound, original sympathy which unites all that lives and suffers. Constantly it understands more clearly that everything is gradually changing, and that it is useless to try to stop the tide of inevitable change, or to hasten it. Thus most of the great discoveries end by acting upon our daily existence.

And the other dreamers, the writers and the artists—have they not as much power as the scientists? In truth, it is they who guide the people from above and in advance, since they form or clarify the mind of each nation. Without the intervention of the poets, how would the moral unity of a country be born? How would a common idea emerge from the diversity of races, the extraordinary differences of the provinces, brought together at haphazard by conquests and treaties, if the thinkers did not elaborate it together, and then for all their compatriots in turn? First of all, some dreamers express the feelings of the people about them; they become the mouthpiece of those who toil and rejoice beside them. Then, if their words are clear, if their natal domain imposes its law by wisdom or by force upon neighboring territories, those first poetic accents are transmitted like echoes to other bards, who take them up and spread them.

Gradually over the whole area of a country an agreement is reached, a harmony is composed, all dissonances are resolved in a single melody. Many dreamers, many poets, many artists take part in this concert. Yet from century to century the leaders of the orchestra are few. There are not many Villons, Rabelais, Montaignes, Molières, and Voltaires. . . .

To change the metaphor, these great men are the master-builders who construct a nation. At the call of their genius, hundreds and thousands of journeymen respond. In this way the character of a state is defined. Thus our spiritual motherland grew up, an edifice of independence and sincerity, of ironic wit and deadly mockery, an edifice of reason, of sociability, of pity, an edifice of human fraternity.

Now, my friends, we must continue bravely to build up this lovely edifice. This is not the time to stand by with folded arms. It must be enlarged that it may receive the whole world. That is the task of the dreamers, great and small. In order to see the walls rising, the proud colonnades and broad façades outlined, the humblest workman will joyfully climb the ladders, and carry the hod full of mortar to the more skilled laborers, who are laying the stones at the top of the scaffolding.

Therefore, my friends, let me mix the mortar, let me mix the mortar, for the City of Dream. That is my destiny. I like it, and I ask no other.

Contributors to This Issue

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The Baltimore *Suns*—A Notable Journalistic Resurrection

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THERE are two Baltimore *Suns*—the morning and the evening—and it behooves anyone who writes about them to distinguish very carefully between them. Otherwise he is apt to get a letter from an Argus-eyed person, Murphy by name, and managing editor of the *Evening Sun* by profession, to remind him that they are separate entities and that of all *Suns* wherever published the Baltimore *Evening Sun* is "incomparably the greatest," like the navy that Woodrow Wilson was once determined to wish upon the United States.

But, *pace* Mr. Murphy, it is the morning *Sun* about which one thinks first. "Do you realize," said some of the British correspondents to their American friends at the Washington Conference, "what a fine newspaper you have in the Baltimore *Sun*?" The question was lukewarmly answered in the affirmative—had not that paper always been respectable, dull, and ultra-conservative? But it served the purpose of making men who had not followed the morning and evening editions of this venerable Maryland institution pay some fresh attention to it. Forthwith they found that the Baltimore *Sun* had undergone a resurrection, taken on new life, and become a vigorous and able newspaper. Evidences of this were to be found on every page. Its editorials showed appreciation and understanding of what was going on at the Conference and, what was for the European correspondents still more surprising, much editorial knowledge of the actual forces at work abroad. Thus the criticisms of the Conference were intelligent and reinforced by that rare quality in American editorial writers—a background of past history. The morning *Sun's* readers were treated to something else than a mere indiscriminate extolling of the achievements of the Conference.

Still more striking was the way both newspapers handled the actual news of the Conference. Here were intelligence and thought. Where the New York newspapers "overplayed" the story, especially by massing four or five solid pages of Conference news and gossip, the Baltimore *Sun* gave some space on the first page to the most striking news of the Conference and then placed its special articles in different portions of the paper, notably on the editorial and opposite editorial pages. More than that, the headlines were modest and accurate and the news in every way so well handled and edited that a quick perusal for an intelligent understanding was made easy. And then it speedily appeared that this old-fashioned journal was printing so many exclusive stories that a journalist had to read it to be sure of being up to date to the minute on the Conference news. Particularly valuable was the *Sun's* daily dispatch from London, from one of its most trusted editors, giving a daily résumé of British and French reaction to the previous day's news from Washington.

A cursory study immediately gave one the impression that all this was not accidental, and inquiry confirmed this. The management early became convinced that it would not only be a patriotic duty to "cover" the Conference well, but that it might make a real contribution to the Conference itself besides bringing to the attention of visitors from other portions of the United States and from Europe the fact that the *Sun*, like the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, aims to be a national newspaper with a worth-while and perhaps even authoritative opinion upon international affairs. So the president and vice-president of the company went abroad months before the Conference to lay their plans for it and to orient themselves as to the possibilities of the undertaking from the European point of view. While they were not able to make a working combination as they had hoped with the *Manchester Guardian*, they took that best of the world's dailies for their model and made contracts for contributions with numerous well-known French and English writers, always having in mind a liberal interpretation of world issues (in connection with which they generously acknowledged some indebtedness to *The Nation* and *New Republic*). Indeed, it is characteristic of the new spirit of the *Sun* that its special envoys offered to the editor of the *Manchester Guardian* two of its columns in which to express himself daily by cable as to the progress of the Conference, Mr. Scott to have complete freedom of utterance. Unfortunately for the American public, the veteran editor of the *Guardian* was unable to avail himself of the offer, but the *Sun* did print the entirely unedited and quite divergent accounts and comments of H. G. Wells, of Henry W. Nevinson, H. Wilson Harris, J. G. Hamilton, Maurice Low, Brailsford, Bywater—in short, the best-known liberal and conservative journalists in England, to which it added French writers like Millet, Le Chartier, and others. Mr. John H. Adams, editor of the morning *Sun*, who stayed abroad, "scooped" even the London *Times* and the *Daily Mail* upon Lloyd George's plans for the Cannes Conference—a feat which naturally attracted widespread attention, just as his recent interview with M. Loucheur, the French Minister of Reconstruction, led to exchanges of opinion in public utterances between Senator McCormick and various French politicians.

But the enterprise of the managers of the two *Suns* did not stop there. They undertook the entertainment of the visiting correspondents at the country residence of one of the owners near Baltimore (much marred by a typically American display of the ease with which one can dispense unlimited supplies of liquor in prohibition times), and on other occasions gave evidence of a generous hospitality to the foreign writers which cannot be too highly commended. Altogether the *Sun* made itself felt from the beginning of the Conference to the end and it is hard to see how its reporting could have been bettered unless there had been a more staccato daily résumé of happenings for the strap-hanger who will not read more.

But one fine journalistic achievement no more proves a newspaper to be awake to its duty than does a single swallow evidence a summer. Far more important than its Washington triumph and the evident plans of its managers to make it national in its interests, more important even than the fact that it is continuing its remarkable series of articles by many of the distinguished correspondents mentioned above and by others, is the question whether it is year in

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year out honest and fearless, whether it is free from any sinister control, whether it is really liberal, and how far it is ready to voice the desires and feeling of all the groups in the community. For generations the "*Sun*-paper," as it has been cried on the streets, dubbed in the homes of its city, and as it has figured in stories and story books, was synonymous, under its previous ownership by the Abell family, with stodgy, ultra-conservatism; its rate of intellectual progress was that of the Maryland Club, which in turn regarded the "*Sun*-paper" much as it did the United States Treasury, or the sanctity of private property, or the Supreme Court, though the latter could not be quite as infallible as the *Sun*. Modern Baltimore is a more difficult city to serve, for besides its ultra-conservatism there is a large and powerful Catholic section to be dealt with, and the city's interests have not always run parallel with the State's, in which Republicanism has played a stronger and stronger part while the *Sun* has usually been Democratic. As the years passed the Abells themselves finally decided that the time had come for new blood and new management and sold a controlling interest to Charles H. Grasty, a Baltimore newspaper man, now connected with the New York *Times*, who was in turn financed by four public-spirited Baltimore gentlemen, H. Crawford Black, Robert Garrett, R. Brent Keyser, and John Campbell White, all names to conjure with in Baltimore.

If you ask a present member of the *Sun's* staff as to just when the new *Sun* was born the answer invariably is: "Under Grasty." Mr. Grasty is an attractive and lovable personality, and it is beyond doubt he who established the present independence and integrity just as it was he who gave the present staff its vision of what a big American daily ought to be. Unfortunately his temperament and his abilities were not equal to the task he set himself. In the pursuit of correct policies he antagonized where Baltimoreans think that antagonism was uncalled for and needless—this on the business side of the conduct of the paper more than on the editorial. After several years Mr. Grasty left the paper burdened with considerable debt, though invited to return on other terms than those of complete responsibility. From about that time on the *Sun* has been managed by its own workers except that one of the owners sits in the daily conference of editors and publishers, but as a working member of that conference and not as a dictator.

In brief, the heads of the departments run both Baltimore *Suns*. Unlike many rich people who have taken to newspaper owning, the four men who backed Mr. Grasty (now become five by the death of Mr. H. Crawford Black and the joining of the group by his sons Harry C. and Van Lear Black) had the extraordinary good sense to let the practical men who were running the papers and Mr. Paul Patterson, their brilliant business manager and the president of the company, have complete control and absolute freedom of management and utterance. They neither sought to dominate a business in which they were untrained, nor did they, like Mr. Thomas W. Lamont when he purchased the New York *Evening Post*, turn it over to a new and for him disastrous management, wholly unversed in the newspaper business. They gave to Mr. Patterson and his associates, Frank R. Kent, John H. Adams, editor of the morning *Sun* ("an idealist, a hero-worshipper, a man of liberal viewpoint," who has elaborated the general editorial policy), and Mr. J. E. Murphy, managing editor of the *Evening Sun*—since reinforced by Stanley M. Reynolds, managing editor of the morning *Sun*, and Hamilton Owens, editor of the *Evening Sun*, and Henry L. Mencken—complete control of the business and the policies of the dailies.

It is pleasant to record the fact that this generous action of the owners has not met with heavy financial losses and still pleasanter to add that these unusual proprietors are apparently not bent on mulcting the paper for heavy dividends, but are encouraging the staff in its vision of the newspapers it desires to produce and in such heavy outlays of an immediately non-productive character as the Washington Conference must have called for. But best of all is the fact that the owners *have never sought to control* the opinions of the editors. The editorial council was constituted in 1914, since when it has decided each and every position the newspapers have taken. No one man dominates; it is the majority opinion within the council which controls. Once a question of policy was submitted to the directors, not for orders or a decision, but purely to ascertain the opinions of the directors in the search for added light. Possibly this high-minded and public-spirited attitude of the owners is due in part to the fact that they themselves hold divergent views—there are Republicans and Democrats, Prohibitionists and anti-Prohibitionists, Catholics and Protestants among them—and realize that they could not themselves agree on policies. From all one can learn it is best to believe that their motives are much finer. Yet it is none the less a cause for wonder as well as rejoicing, for these are men of great wealth tied up in a hundred ways with big business, the financial world, and the entangling social alliances of the most fortunate circles of an exceptionally conservative city.

There are those who fear that this ideal condition will not survive a severe test of the pocket nerve. They doubt whether the editors will be permitted to take an extremely radical course or one diametrically opposed to the great currents of public feeling such, let us say, as opposition to a popular war with Mexico or Japan They ask what would have happened had the editors decided to oppose the war with Germany, and they inquire whether the happiness and duration of the present arrangement is not due to the fact that the minds of editors and owners have in the main run along together. To this the only answer that can be made is that in lesser matters the *Suns'* editors *have* gone counter to the views of individual owners without trouble for themselves; they have repeatedly taken editorial positions repugnant to beliefs of one or more of the owners. The past at least is safe, and that is something to be heartily thankful for. More than that, the proprietors have given the clearest proof that the advertising columns of their papers are not for sale. That was early settled when one of the largest Baltimore dry-goods merchants demanded the publication of a certain reading notice which 99 out of 100 American newspaper managers would have deemed perfectly proper. When the business manager of the *Sun* informed the directors of the fact that they would probably lose a $40,000 advertising contract just when the company needed it so much, because he, the business manager, would not accede to the demand, the only comment was that that was "too bad." The publisher was warmly upheld. When the advertiser was told that he could cancel his contract if he wished to but could never return to the columns of the *Sun* save on far less favorable terms, this would-be bully decided to let the editors run their own journal. It is a fact, too, that news articles which the owners would prefer not to see in

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the *Sun* have regularly appeared. The editors gave me their word that there is not only no censorsh' in their office, but no list of men to be attacked and no "sacred cows" (i. e., favorites to be spared) in their shop; that each managing editor has complete authority to say what shall and shall not be printed.

Naturally this throws a heavy responsibility upon these gentlemen and brings us squarely back to the fact that it is because of the character of the present board of directors that the *Suns* are what they are. Were these editors imbued with the point of view of the New York *Times* and the Chicago *Tribune*, it is altogether probable that their papers would be similarly distressing examples of lost opportunities to serve the public and the country. Instead this fortunately situated group of Baltimore editors has a real social vision and independence of thought. They have given to H. L. Mencken free rein in the *Evening Sun*, although he is anathema to that type of mentally sodden Americans who really think that ours is the best, greatest, wisest, and most perfect Government that ever was and they—though not the public—the wisest mortals who ever lived. They have asked the brilliant Hendrik van Loon, one of the comparatively few college teachers who would not sell their souls in 1917 or bow down to the war god, to join the morning *Sun* with complete freedom of utterance. They do not hesitate to applaud Mrs. Asquith when she declares that she has "never met a single person who has been improved by the war"; that government "is more corrupt and there is more hardness, levity, blasphemy, and materialism than I have ever seen before." A staff writer is permitted to state in his regular department that underneath the popular mask in America today there is "an almost universal conviction that for all its glitter and assurance the old order is not only morally and intellectually bankrupt but also doomed," and to add that "Nemesis will overtake the institutions which, by the war and its aftermath, proved their utter incapacity for worthy leadership"—sentiments which in *The Nation* would of course be denounced as swirling bolshevism.

More than that, both of these journals—the *Evening Sun* always more outspoken and radical than the older paper—have stood for free speech and the release of political prisoners, and both have denounced the policies of Mr. Wilson's reactionary and discredited Cabinet ministers, Palmer and Burleson, and the nation-wide persecution of Socialists and Communists because of their opinions. When the notorious W. H. Lamar, Mr. Burleson's solicitor of the Post Office Department, sought to defend his Czarist acts, the *Evening Sun* printed his letter in full only to demolish it editorially. To the "*Sun*-paper" Mr. Wilson was and is a good deal of a hero, yet it censured him for refusing to release Debs. Both are among the very few American journals to realize the gravity of the crimes daily committed against civil liberty in America. They are beginning—though only beginning—to realize the growth of militarism in America and so helped to moderate a bill in the Maryland Legislature giving the Governor the power to conscript American boys in time of peace. On economic questions, too, these journals have a tendency to be progressive and in labor matters also they shock the Baltimore Bourbons, although the editors still believe in Samuel Gompers and his type of long-outworn and now hurtful leadership as a bulwark against bolshevism. They defend his philosophy of political give-and-take, of compromise and toadying that ought soon to disappear overnight. It must also be added that the editorial policy is strongly anti-Prohibition, though giving endless space to the Prohibitionists; that both papers were bitter and unfair in their discussion of woman suffrage and are today in equally bitter opposition to the removal of the remaining political disabilities of women and are also apparently defending the race tracks against the efforts to put those gambling games out of business. But here as in apparently all other matters the correspondence columns of the *Sun* are open to all, save that I have heard one allegation that in real-estate matters the forum does not seem to be open to letters which would be obnoxious to the real estate board.

As to their presentation of the news? The columns of both are clean; the morning *Sun* has yielded but little to the craze for flamboyant headlines, comic strips, and other catchpenny devices. Somebody on the morning *Sun* loves types and studies them to advantage; the *Evening Sun* has a much lower standard. Indeed, the dress of the morning paper is unusually dignified and effective; there is a distinct effort to edit news intelligently and to guide the reader by explanatory footnotes, as in the case of the recent recall election in North Dakota, when the *Sun* warned its readers against accepting the early returns from opposition districts as reliable indices of what was to come. When proportional representation was adopted in Cleveland the *Sun* illuminated the dispatches by printing the principles of the system and its more important details. Yet neither of these newspapers is emancipated from the curse of unreliable or malicious reporting. They have bad reporters as well as good—men sometimes unable to comprehend the subjects they are to report or the people they are to interview and too untrained to understand the real purposes of public gatherings. This, it is to be hoped, is the explanation of the flagrant and cruel misreporting of a scientifically truthful statement made by Mrs. Donald R. Hooker in regard to racial intermarriage which critics of the *Sun* declare to have been not accidental but part of its deliberate campaign against the women's measures then pending in the Maryland Legislature. It is hard to believe this, but the fact that Mrs. Hooker's letter of denial was only partially printed by the *Sun* makes it appear again that there are exceptions to its usual rule of giving everyone his or her say. When the opportunity for an absolutely clean escutcheon is apparently so unlimited one cites lapses like these with all the greater regret.

It is to be hoped, too, that in the matter of its Sunday "comic" and its illustrated supplement the *Sun* will soon feel itself strong enough to come up to the standard of the New York *Times*, doing away with the former altogether and exercising a greater self-censorship of news photographs, thus proving anew that dignity and high journalistic ideals can still be made to pay. For the rest, the large volume of advertising carried by both papers has not led them to make snippets of important news stories whether local or national. Every now and then they print a bill in full even if it takes a page, or a lengthy speech in the Maryland Legislature, and they also find plenty of room to give admirable news the surrounding towns and neighboring States, a field wherein our met_ politan dailies no longer function. Certainly journalistic decency and liberalism do pay in Baltimore, for the morning issue has 120,000 readers, the Sunday 160,000, and the *Evening Sun* 115,000. And they have not yet dug deeply into the mine of legitimate local news, which in most cities is utterly ignored by the great dailies.

The lesson of it all for the profession is that with the

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right kind of owners and broad-minded editors realizing to the full their social and community responsibility there is still possible in some communities a free and unfettered press, dignified and worthy. Yet there is nothing in the Baltimore *Suns'* situation to give a definitive solution to the grave problem of our modern journalism. Had the Blacks, Mr. Keyser, Mr. Garrett, and the other owners been so minded we should have today a Baltimore press as low as Pittsburgh's, which a prominent railroad "persuader of public opinion" assures me is quite the most degraded in America. Nor does the admirable civic and group reaction of the editors of the two *Suns* to the freedom and responsibility vouchsafed to them throw any light upon the possibilities of a successful cooperative journalistic enterprise. Curiously enough, these Baltimore editors prefer the present ownership arrangement to any ownership by themselves, feeling that they are freer and less trammeled than if they were constantly asking themselves whether any editorial position they might take might not jeopardize their all. Undoubtedly it is a resurrection and not a new development or phenomenon with which we are here dealing. Probably a Baltimore liberal is correct in writing to me that "the fair way to judge these papers is not by their imperfections but by their advanced attitude as compared with papers elsewhere." If we do this we must rate them very high. And if it is merely a happy accident, this rejuvenation and freeing of two fine old properties, Baltimore and the country benefit none the less. Whatever the augury for the future, the truth is that Baltimore has two of the best, bravest, widest-awake newspapers in America.

That Prairie Octopus

By WALTER LOCKE

THE geese that cackled as little guessed they were saving Rome as do these rampant agrarian neighbors of mine that they have dethroned Wall Street and stalled the octopus in the pen with the pigs. Only a privileged few of us here on the prairies, such as have access to metropolitan newspapers and the circulars of the super-bankers, have found it out. The rest innocently imagine that the octopean seat of empire still reposes east of the Alleghanies.

"Coin's Financial School," which oldsters will remember as the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of free silver, was brightened by a picture of an elongated cow with its intake in Nebraska and its spillway in New York. Nebraska fed the critter. Wall Street milked her. In proof of what I have said about the farmer's ignorance of the change in his station, they still talk like that on the prairies. They can't seem to get over it, any more than Hetty Green could get over feeling poor.

While the monster is thus still unaware of itself, let us, the prospective victims of the transplanted, ruralized octopus, study its habits. Even the calm New York *Evening Post,* to say nothing of the excited New York *Herald* and the thunderstruck New York *Times,* have told their readers how the agricultural bloc, incubated on the plains, came down on Washington like a wolf on the fold; how it, a mere special interest—Oh, the horror of it!—has usurped the government, laid profane hands on the ark of party regularity, set a lay foot within the financial holy of holies, muddled the sacred tariff—but why categorize? Everybody knows about it but the backers of that bloc, my agrarian neighbors; and they must for heaven's sake be kept from finding out, at least till we can reckon, with a view to being somewhere else at the time, which way the beast is further going to jump and when. Least of all should we awaken it by premature showers of stones. Let sleeping octopuses lie.

You think of this farmer of mine as an octopus. He is that, but also a lot more. The octopus is only the newest of many forms which this old agrarian of the sea has taken. If now he makes a noise like an octopus, have we forgotten that only yesterday he was the very image and superscription of a Bolshevik? And no longer ago than last summer he scared a $75,000 campaign fund out of the grain exchanges by appearing made up as an ordinary business man organizing the United States Grain Growers. Before that, when the cow had not yet been reversed, he appeared, far from the bulbous octopus of today, a patched-up rack of populist bones with straw in his whiskers. Meanwhile he has been a regular Goth and Vandal for periodic forays against the civilizations of the East.

Party leaders at Washington have expressed the thought, offspring, perhaps, of a tender hope, that the octopus-farmer bloc now menacing us is only another short-lived agricultural irruption. What has just been said concerning these agrarian metamorphoses dooms that hope. Western agricultural irruptions have not, in fact, been short-lived; they have been cat-lived. Granger, Populist, Progressive-Republican, cooperator, Nonpartisan Leaguer, bloc builder—one dies, and up pops another. It is enough to make a man superstitious to see two heads grow out on the creature for every one cut off. We take fright at a Nonpartisan League and spend a fortune to smash it. And behold! ere the corpse has writhed its last a farmer bloc has us ten times as flustered as had ever that apparition out of the North. In the name of terror, what next?

With each new shape he takes, my organized neighbor gets stronger and more skilled; and much as I love to be the bringer of good tidings, I am forced to add that the superlative is yet to come. These farmers are getting more effectively intractable with each new flash in the pan. The President, sending his Secretary of War forth to fight it, may break the farmer bloc. That will merely make room for something worse. I have surveyed agrarian mankind from Chicago to Pocatello, and am sure of that.

What is the common soul which runs through all these agrarian forms, giving them their cumulative continuity? If I could find any substantial number of my rural neighbors reading "Leaves of Grass" as well as growing them, I should blame it all to old Walt. Some equivalent of that line of his about freeing himself from the holds that hold him is stewing in these farmer folks. They have developed a passion for kicking off the traces that hitch them. Each new kick breaks some old hold. I mention in particular one.

When the evolution of the farmer rampant began, back in the time of Jay Gould and the grangers, my neighbors, fresh from the war for the Union, were first of all Republicans. Later on, at considerable distance, they were farmers. If you wanted to pick a farmer's pocket then, you had only

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to put a Republican Party machine on the job and the farmer himself would help. Right nobly did he disgorge, through long years, at the bidding of the perspicacious gentlemen who had the nimbleness to hitch the party that saved the Union to the principle of protection for our middle-aged industries. Even when it came to freight rates, his life or death, our farmer would not save himself unless he could be saved by voting as he had shot.

The Populist movement, with its new party, snapped a good many strands of this cord. The new party died and the farmers returned to the old ones; but they were never the same Republicans—or even Democrats—again. Almost immediately they caused a party colic with their Progressive-Republican cucumber. In 1912 every present agricultural-bloc State that did not go for Wilson went for the new Progressive Party candidate. By the time that new party had perished of its first summer complaint the Nonpartisan League, with its doctrine of parties as means, not ends, was in full swing. At each new strain the party tie grew more fragile. It is now little but a technicality. My farmer neighbor—not all by any means, but a determining portion—is casting a farmer vote rather than a party vote.

Meanwhile he has been loosening another hold. This farmer neighbor of mine hasn't looked wholly to politics and the government for help. He has developed, awkwardly and often at a loss, his cooperative grain elevators and stores, his farmers' unions and farm bureaus. This again has set him to thinking of himself as first of all a producing farmer. Now add in his new freedom from party control and see what you get: an agrarian, free as one of his own unbroken colts, thinking and acting for himself almost as independently as if he were one of these railroad owners, bankers, or manufacturers who are so shocked at the sordid selfishness of the farmer bloc.

Out of all this comes a hopelessness of getting these neighbors of mine back to normalcy. They have tasted the oats of the political power which goes with a measure of class unity and political independence. They now feel those oats. What difference is it going to make?

I suspect it will make a difference in Congress. The term dirt farmer has an ominous sound. Hitherto it has been easy for a gentlemanly millionaire like Mr. Frank Lowden to endow a show dairy somewhere and appeal successfully to the suffrages of his fellow-farmers. That doesn't promise to work much longer. You will remember how little of a hit the dress-suit farmer bloc in President Harding's late agricultural conference at Washington made with the dirt farmer bloc in that body. For vote-getting purposes it isn't enough any more to have been a boy on the farm and to tell the farmers how agriculture is the source of all our wealth and how we love the agriculturalists. I suspect they are going to insist out in these farmer regions upon electing dirt-farmer-minded men to office; not necessarily farmers, but men who can without too much awkwardness think like farmers. This may make the agricultural bloc permanent. There is even a disposition to discriminate as between a farmer and a landowner. A recent proposal by the governor of my State to help farmers by shifting part of the land taxes to gasoline was well supported by the city farmers. The country farmers, apparently thinking of themselves as tillers, not landlords, raised a storm that blew the gasoline-tax scheme into next week.

Thus loosed from party ties, and rejecting the leadership of us city folks, my farmer neighbor begins to impinge with power upon such subjects as trusts and transportation. I am not sure yet whether he is going to devote himself to busting the trusts or to being one himself. Both courses have their advocates. Maybe in his young strength he will try to do both. He is amazed to find the railroads still imperfect albeit more than a year in the state of private-control bliss. If it continues to cost about as much to ship corn as to produce it, I fear there will be trouble.

Even with the tariff, the rock of our prosperity, this neighbor of mine threatens to take unholy liberties. Our Massachusetts and Pennsylvania friends must reconcile themselves to the fact, for it is a fact, that the farmer folks are never going to be quite their old, philanthropic selves on the tariff. For fifty years the Northwestern farmer has piously laid on the altar of party his sacrifice of corn exchanged at free trade levels for cutlery at protected altitudes. Those dear, old, unselfish days are just about o'er. Last spring when the new Congress was breaking speed records in the effort to save the agriculturists by an emergency tariff, unbelieving farmers in the West passed resolutions telling Congress in effect to quit its kidding. Now what do you know about that?

Of course, Congress went ahead saving the farmers in spite of themselves. Then, just to be contrary, wheat and corn and cattle went on down the slide exactly as if there had been no emergency tariff. These suspicious octopus-elect neighbors of mine then snooped around and discovered, or thought they did, that the net benefit of the emergency tariff was to make farmers pay more for lemons. Such an unmannerly looking of a tariff gift horse in the mouth is unprecedented in these parts. And it has undermined our tariff morale to an alarming degree. There be still, of course, some faithful farmers who see the necessity of having a home market even if they starve for it. Republican members of the farmer bloc try to appease them by promising farmer tariffs equal to the manufacturers' tariffs. But the emergency tariff has bred doubts even among these faithful. Then, too, a lot of my neighbors of the farms have in some way got the idea that these cheap foreign goods which so terrify our Mr. Fordney are merely another name for higher American corn and hogs. If that notion ever gets to be general among these farmers it will, of course, be terrible.

What we most want to know is what these farmer folks, now they have usurped the government, are going to do with it. Will they be satisfied with prying the barnacles off the old boat? Or will they insist on adding themselves to the barnacles? The best I can answer is that the issue is in the balance. The life of the barnacle, as we know, is an alluring one. These neighbors of mine know about the fortunes the tariff has made. They see the shipping men driving for subsidies. They know somewhat of government benevolences to railroads. They have seen the pleasures of the pork barrel. If the government can give all these other mighty gifts, why can it not fix the price of wheat at, say, "the cost of production plus a reasonable profit," as a successful political party once promised its sheltered manufacturers? Some of my neighbors say it can and must. We have set them the example. It will not be easy to keep them from following it.

I hope and believe, however, that my agrarian neighbors, seeing the impossibility of everybody's being a rider and nobody a horse, will turn their attention instead to putting everybody on his own legs.

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On Losing One's Disillusions

By MAX McCONN

IN our grandfathers' time the very saddest thing about advancing years—if I understand the matter correctly—was the loss of one's illusions. In those days, apparently, the young women, and the young men if gently bred, attained the age of twenty or even twenty-five with all sorts of absurdly roseate conceptions about life in general and the opposite sex in particular. But as the years crept on and they moved toward the thirties (which were then by way of being middle age) they could seldom avoid encountering various harsh realities; for example, that very pretty girls and very pretty fellows might turn out to be great nincompoops and rascals, that marriage was not always a heaven upon earth, that saintly appearing elders might sometimes be hypocrites, that fortunes might be lost, and so on. Thus one by one their illusions were "shattered"—that was the word—just at the time, too, when the first zest of youth was passing and they were beginning to have trouble with their teeth and eyesight and perhaps to experience the first twinges of rheumatism. It was very melancholy indeed.

I am not sure that I quite believe that picture. How could keen-witted youngsters ever have come to be twenty years old with such ignorance intact? But maybe they did.

Nowadays, at any rate, the situation is quite reversed. Thanks to the fiction magazines, the Sunday supplements, vaudeville, and the movies—to say nothing of realism and problem plays—the least curious child is now a complete cynic at fifteen, and the slightly precocious could read Baudelaire at twelve with perfect understanding and without a quiver of dismay.

What is there that they do not know about, in words at least—these children of today? Is there any human weakness, folly, vice, or crime, any horror of life or terror of the grave, that they have not perused to satiety in both text and picture and watched upon the vivid screen? "Vamps" and "cavemen" and "petting," "yeggmen" and "stool-pigeons" and "passing the queer," "white mule" and "snow"—if you, being an old fogy, are not clear about the meaning of any of these terms, ask the first boy—or girl!—of twelve whom you may meet. You will find also, on inquiry, that "lobster" and "chicken" signify for them human rather than animal types. Seduction and betrayal, embezzlement, murder, suicide—in these mildly piquant incidents of human existence they are blasé connoisseurs, to be thrilled only by some ingenious novelty. In short, by the time they have mastered their Latin grammar—I beg pardon, I mean stenography—they have every reason to be convinced that this world is a very sorry, evil-smelling place; that men and women are practically all selfish, lascivious, and weak; that marriage is usually hell; that children are a nuisance; and that money, whether worth while or not, is the thing that everybody is after.

I am far from maintaining that so thorough a course in sordidness and iniquity is a good thing for preadolescence. It happens, however, that I myself belonged to one of the earliest generations of children to which, by the enterprise of the masters of the press and camera, the book of life was thrown open with this lurid unreserve, and I cannot refrain from pointing out one quite agreeable compensation that comes to us now as we reach middle age.

Logically, I and my young coevals should all have committed suicide from sheer horror at the spectacle of the world into which we had so recently been born. But somehow very few of us did so. We took it rather calmly, on the whole, went on through school, got jobs, married—how we could ever do that in the face of all our knowledge, I don't know, but we did—and "settled down."

And then our experience began to be just the opposite of that of the older generations. At the very age when they were losing their illusions, we began to lose our disillusions. The latter were not exactly "shattered," but many of them gradually and partially melted away. Of course if any of us were disappointed in our marriages, that was only what we expected. It was no shock at all. But a most surprising number of us weren't disappointed. We were very happy indeed and kept on being happy year after year. We had babies, mostly. And of course they *were* a nuisance. But we were prepared for that. Judge of our delighted astonishment when we discovered that they were also, in unmistakable intimate reality, precious and sweet beyond anything the most Victorian poet could describe. In the course of our business or professional enterprises we encountered a good deal of evil—employers who were harsh, employees who were treacherous, women who played up their seductiveness, chicanery, brutality, and no end of assorted weakness and cowardice. But did these things dismay us or turn us into cynics at forty—us who were reading the muck-rakers at an age when our fathers were being fed on the Rollo books? On the contrary our surprise has arisen from the really remarkable amount of honesty, kindness, cleanness, and courage one finds in the world.

In short, now that we have to visit the dentist and the oculist more frequently than we like and "rheumatism," rechristened "neuritis," nips us first in one shoulder and then in the other, we have at least the satisfaction that comes from gradually relaxing our contempt of the species to which we belong, our distaste for the world we inhabit—of realizing that there are after all some men one can trust, some women one can respect, and that life, though pretty bad, is nevertheless, in spots at least, quite livable and enjoyable.

It is almost worth having been made a cynic at fifteen—when everything, even cynicism, was agreeable—to experience this comforting increment of optimism at the age when we most need compensations.

The Four Senators

By WITTER BYNNER

(Tell it to the Marines!)

They took a little voyage, combining it with rest,
A business expedition to the islands of the blest.
And, having sailed the Caribbeans to hear what they have heard,
They now urbanely testify that the Eagle is a bird,
A mighty but not flighty bird, of lineage and loin,
A bird upon the seal of state, a bird upon the coin,
A paragon of eagles, never a bird of prey.

(There were some German eagles, only the other day.)

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In the Driftway

THE Drifter admits that he reads the publications of Greenwich Village with considerable more regularity and devotion than, say, the *Congressional Record* of Washington, D. C., or the *Monument and Cemetery Review* of Buffalo, New York. One of the most appealing aspects of the Village is its amateur spirit, which is what the Drifter likes best in its publications. Generally speaking, the life of Village journals has been brief; the mortality is as high and as inexorable as among tea-rooms. But the *Quill* is now a veritable graybeard, having been started nearly five years ago by Art Moss, "who never had a lesson in his life." Eventually he became so oppressed by its age that he skipped off to Paris, whence, for the edification of the American Quartier Latin, he issues the *Gargoyle* from the Café de la Rotonde. Or has it suspended?—meaning, of course the *Gargoyle*, not the Rotonde. For cafes never have cause to suspend in Paris, even in—or perhaps especially in—the American Latin Quarter.

* * * * *

BUT in spite of its age the *Quill* still reflects the amateur spirit of the Village—as is attested by its numerous typographical errors—while the *Greenwich Villager*, still in its first year (and for a Village publication the first one year is the hardest), fairly foams with the joy of bursting into print. The Drifter has been carrying a clipping around in his pocket until it is almost illegible which he thinks he ought to reproduce while he still may. It reads:

LOST.—Miss Kathleene Millay lost a tortoise shell ear-ring last week somewhere between the Sheridan Theater and the Brevoort. The ear-ring was sent to Miss Millay by her sister Edna St. Vincent Millay from Rome. If the finder does not wish to surrender the trinket, will he or she call up the *Villager* and perhaps we can get Miss Millay to give up the one she has. One is no good without the other.

* * * * *

NOR can one forbear to quote a recent footnote in the *Quill*. For fine audacity it hits pretty close to the bull's-eye. "When writing to advertisers in the *Greenwich Villager* kindly mention the *Quill*." While the *Greenwich Villager*, jabbing in the midriff a recent commentator on New York's Latin Quarter, concludes with the admonition: "When patronizing the Village, kindly mention our advertisers."

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Letters to the Editor should ordinarily not exceed 500 words, and shorter communications are more likely to be printed. In any case the Editor reserves the right to abridge communications.

Texas College's Needs

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The work of Texas College is greatly handicapped for the reason that our library has not sufficient books, charts, maps, and magazines for our students to do the required research work. I thought probably you had some books that were of no service to you which we could use advantageously. We will thank you so much if you could send us any kind of books, charts, maps, or any reading material for our library. We will pay all shipping charges.

Tyler, Texas, March 10 W. R. BANKS, *President*

The Real "White Man's Burden"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The publication of Mr. Shadwell's poem, "For His Good," and its extraordinary pertinence to the present-day situation in Haiti and Santo Domingo, leads me to call your attention to the following verses also written a score of years ago under the above title, with apologies to Rudyard Kipling, by Ernest Crosby. It seems to me that they are well worth printing at this time.

Take up the White Man's burden.
  Send forth your sturdy kin,
And load them down with Bibles
  And cannon-balls and gin.
Throw in a few diseases
  To spread the tropic climes,
For there the healthy niggers
  Are quite behind the times.

And don't forget the factories.
  On those benighted shores
They have no cheerful iron mills,
  Nor eke department stores.
They never work twelve hours a day,
  And live in strange content,
Altho' they never have to pay
  A single sou for rent.

Take up the White Man's burden,
  And teach the Philippines
What interest and taxes are
  And what a mortgage means.
Give them electrocution chairs,
  And prisons, too, galore,
And if they seem inclined to kick,
  Then spill their heathen gore.

They need our labor question, too,
  And politics and fraud—
We've made a pretty mess at home,
  Let's make a mess abroad.
And let us ever humbly pray
  The Lord of Hosts may deign
To stir our feeble memories
  Lest we forget—the *Maine*.

Take up the White Man's burden.
  To you who thus succeed
In civilizing savage hordes,
  They owe a debt, indeed;
Concessions, pensions, salaries,
  And privilege and right—
With outstretched hands you raised to bless
  Grab everything in sight.

Take up the White Man's burden.
  And if you write in verse,
Flatter your nation's vices
  And strive to make them worse.
Then learn that if with pious words
  You ornament each phrase,
In a world of canting hypocrites
  This kind of business pays.

Brooklyn, March 18 ANN DEARING

A New Student Movement

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A delegation of students, representing 235 colleges, went to Washington on February 19 and 20 to present a report to the President and to hold a conference concerning their future work. The delegation, twenty-one in number, represented the National Student Committee for the Limitation of Armaments and was most cordially received by the President.

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As one of the delegates I have felt that the public would be interested in this event which, to all of us who were there, appeared to be a totally new step in the history of our student development and to hold possibilities for the future of the country which cannot be considered without impressing one with their reality. Never before have the students of the United States organized, entirely as an undergraduate body, for the purpose of seeking certain definite aims which they believe to be essential to the sane, progressive development of our national life.

The National Student Committee for the Limitation of Armaments, which the delegation represented, was organized at a national convocation of colleges held in Chicago on November 13 and 14, purely on the question of disarmament, and due to the work of John Rothschild, executive chairman, Charles Denby, Jr., student chairman, and others, its influence has been widespread.

There had been a growing conviction among its members, however, that there was a great need among students for a national organization which would stimulate thought and interest in all the vital questions before the country, political, industrial, and social, as well as those of disarmament, and as an outgrowth of this feeling the question of a permanent organization was taken up at Washington. The two days of the conference were spent, first, in drawing up the report which was presented to President Harding and then in determining the underlying principles of this permanent organization, which is to be called the National Student Forum. These principles were determined to be the fair and open-minded consideration of social, industrial, political, and international questions, based on complete freedom of assembly and discussion in the colleges, with the ultimate aim of creating among college men and women an intelligent interest in the problems of the day.

ARVIA MACKAYE

Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, March 9

For a Soldier Bonus

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am deeply pained to note your attitude concerning the bonus. I cannot conceive nor understand how *The Nation* can fail to appreciate the miserable plight of ex-service men. Of course, I readily agree with you that the motive on the part of the Republican Administration is susceptible of criticism, but surely that is no good reason to upset plans for help.

If our debtor countries can afford to assist their ex-service men is it not compatible with our financial standing to at least do as much for our men? Our Treasury has not reached that low ebb of bankruptcy which must bankrupt the heart.

Your attitude in this matter is incompatible with your yearning for a better world. The only mitigating and pardonable circumstance is the sincerity with which you propound your views.

Pittsburgh, March 7 M. A. NERNBERG

Pay the Bonus with Jobs

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I submit the following suggestions with regard to the bonus and the unemployed. First of all reestablish the Labor Bureau, a free government agency in every municipality to receive all applications and to fit men to jobs.

Then let each municipality prepare a list of its most needed improvements with estimates of cost, how much labor needed and for how long, and submit it to the voters.

Then let each State receive money from the Federal resources to pay for the labor of its ex-service men applying for work, and supplement from its own funds to pay for the labor of the rest of its unemployed applying for work.

The bonus is going to cost a lot of money anyway and every citizen should share the responsibility. People have a right to earn their livings; it is intolerable to have them in want for lack of work. Wise investments in improvements soon return their costs to our pockets, benefit our children, and are a pride and credit to us all. Why not?

Cambridge, Massachusetts, February 27

FERDINANDA W. REED

The Nation and the Irish

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I hate to be like the ladies that made Mr. Bok rich and disillusioned, so I mostly leave my editors and clergymen alone. I'm not writing this to start a controversy or to make a complaint, but because of your courteous letter asking me why I'm not renewing my subscription. I'm not continuing my subscription for two reasons: I have a high opinion of *The Nation* and I'm disappointed in it.

During the war, before it and after it, *The Nation* gave me a confidence in Americans, in sanity, in cool downright truthfulness. I heard its editor on the lecture platform and he seemed like the paper to be a calm, correct American—just. Other folks were howlingly emotional; even school-teachers, who had been educated by the public and in the interest of the public, lost all thought of reasoning and of logic. *The Nation* can be logical about miners, engineers, Mexicans, Russians, playwriters, Haitians. So I respect *The Nation.*

But about the Irish it is not logical. I know how much *The Nation* did for them. I know about the articles by Walsh, the Committee of One Hundred, the Casement letters, the articles against the Black and Tans. I thought you were serving justice and freedom.

You know that the Free State is not right. Yet you wish to accept it as an answer or a solution or a working basis—I forget which you label it. Do not misunderstand—I am not expecting you to fight the Irish fight. I am thinking of morals. You must not offer to my people—my other people—the consolation of something "just as good" and expect that I will support you. You could have said, and in just so many words, ". . . but, of course, it is wrong." Now aside from being an American I am Irish, and from both standpoints I don't want a champion. I can afford the companionship of equals.

Life requires some associations with those not our equals, but no one free remains in worth-while company except on a basis of comradeship. And *The Nation* is worth while.

Paterson, New Jersey, March 2 NORA O'CONNOR

Professor Brackett and Mr. Nearing

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you do me the favor of correcting the statement made about me in Mr. Warner's "Fiat Lux" article in the March 29 issue of *The Nation?* It was there stated that "directly after the interruption of Mr. Nearing's remarks Professor Haven D. Brackett of the Greek department went forward and, shaking hands with the speaker, said (in the hearing of Dr. Atwood) that he was ashamed to admit that he was a member of the faculty."

What actually happened was this. Shortly after the interruption of the meeting Mr. Nearing, accompanied by one of the students, passed through the faculty coat room. Entering the room just at that time myself, I recognized Mr. Nearing. I approached Mr. Nearing, shook hands with him, and said (as nearly as I can remember) "I am glad to have had a chance to hear your address. I am humiliated that this should have happened in this university."

Worcester, March 26 HAVEN D. BRACKETT

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Pause

By ANN HAMILTON

Quick, for the tide is sifting down the shore,
Water and wind and vapory lift of spray—
Flowing of light with darkness through the door,
Sun or moon at the window, night and day—
Quick, while the shadow tangles in and out
Over this threshold that the rain has worn,
Whisper or threaten, trust or pray or doubt,
Still will some men be dead, and some be born;
Give me your eyes unmasked, and wonder well
How we are brief antagonists of Fate.
Friendship? But what is friendship? Can you tell?
Look at the hinges rusting on the gate;
Quick then, this breath, while we believe we know—
Kiss through your laughter, kiss again—and go.

The Roving Critic

THE noble program of the Loeb Classical Library, disturbed if not entirely interrupted by the war, has been vigorously renewed with the addition of five titles (Putnam) which illustrate the variety of the undertaking: the third volume of Lucian and the third of Thucydides, the second volume of Ausonius, an edition of Menander, and versions—in one volume—of Callimachus, Aratus, and Lycophron. Since the series has been planned in part to give readers who lack Greek and Latin a chance to read all the important authors who used those languages from Homer to the fall of Constantinople, I feel disposed to write about these new volumes primarily for the sake of such readers, assuming in them an interest in literature at large and a special interest in whatever can be added by translation to the wealth already accumulated in English.

Aratus is, and can be made out to be, only a curiosity of literature, with his versified treatise, "Phaenomena," concerning the astronomical notions of his time—the third century B.C. Neither a scholar nor a philosopher, he was content to turn other men's knowledge and other men's opinions into smooth verse, much in the fashion of those didactic poets who in the eighteenth century of our era smoothly rhymed or hymned or expounded the passions or the pleasures or the seasons. Nor is Aratus's contemporary, Lycophron "the Obscure," much more than a curiosity, with his turgid, purple "Alexandra," a long verse prophecy, ostensibly uttered by Cassandra and reported by a slave, of historical events in the Greek world down to Lycophron's own day. It is, as the Croisets call it, unbearable poetry, though full of allusions which are of value to the minute scholar. Callimachus is a different matter. His Hymns seem cold, and are cold, for all their finished art; but his Epigrams are many of them deft, fresh, haunting. Thus runs the Loeb translation of what, in W. J. Cory's poetical version, is perhaps the loveliest gift of the Greek Anthology to the English tongue: "One told me, Heracleitus, of thy death and brought me to tears, and I remembered how often we two in talking put the sun to rest. Thou, methinks, Halicarnassian friend, art ashes long and long ago; but thy nightingale lives still, whereon Hades, snatcher of all things, shall not lay his hand."

If the Callimachus-Aratus-Lycophron volume is given to Alexandrian decadence, so is the Ausonius to the decadence of the later Roman Empire. Ausonius, though a teacher of Gratian and later a high official in the state, belongs to Gaul and seems hardly more the last of the Latin than the first of the French poets. His most charming works, indeed, were included in the first volume of the Loeb translation, which appeared three years ago: particularly his "Mosella," loveliest of Latin topographical poems, wherein he describes the Moselle River with an ancient clarity and yet with touches of magic and wonder symptomatic of the Celt in him and prophetic of a later sentiment toward nature. But in the Epistles and Epigrams of the second volume little less than in the more personal pieces of the first there are countless bright, clear strokes of pretty beauty and a multitude of hints concerning the world of home and university and camp and court which Ausonius lived in. "Then, maidens," he says, as Herrick long after him, "gather roses, while blooms are fresh and youth is fresh, and be mindful that so your lifetime hastes away."

To read Menander now, whom the Greeks thought "the bright and morning star of the New Comedy," must bring disappointment to all who have heard of his traditional fame and have trusted in it. In the large fragments of the five comedies discovered in the present century he has few of the maxims regarding life and conduct for which he has long been almost proverbial and has little originality of either plot or character. And yet within the conventional lines by which he was willing to be bounded he has plenty of comic force, diversity of observation, natural expressions, flexible style, and easy, simple, unhackneyed humanity. By any standard his comedies are charming stories, full of life, and their qualities shine through the mutilations which they have suffered. The Loeb reconstructions, made with skill and taste, though accompanied by a somewhat stiff translation, show that Menander has been partially misrepresented by his reputation for moral maxims. He could portray characters and develop actions without relying habitually upon the sententious remarks which carried his name through ages which had never read so much as a scene from one of his plays: "Whom the gods love die young"; "Evil communications corrupt good manners" (which St. Paul himself quoted from Menander's "Thais").

Of all the authors presented in these new Loeb volumes, of course Thucydides and Lucian require the least explanation or apology. Perhaps Thucydides credited the Peloponnesian War with more earth-shaking significance than it actually had; perhaps the fifth and sixth books of his history, which appear in this new volume, are in some respects less dramatic than certain parts of certain other books; but here as everywhere else in his great work Thucydides is shrewd, lofty, eloquent, enlightening, wise, deserving to be called, as Macaulay called him, "the greatest historian that ever lived" or, as Chatham called him, "the eternal manual of statesmen." I know of no better way to get a long perspective upon the feuds and furies of contemporary Europe than to read Thucydides.

And as to Lucian, has the time not come for some one to do for him what Gilbert Murray has lately done for Euripides? Even with the addition of Murray's humanitarian embroideries Euripides is hardly more pertinent to our day than Lucian in his own glittering nakedness. How he flung about the reputations of the gods, setting them at brawls or debates among themselves or with men, as gay with their reverences as Anatole France or as censorious toward them as Thomas Hardy! How he mocked the philosophers, offering the principal ones for sale at auction in a racy dialogue and selling them off for about the price of a song apiece, as if he were Bernard Shaw shaking up contemporary solemnities! How he set forth the little affairs and secrets of the naughty girls of his day in pungent, naive conversations which Schnitzler must take great joy in if he knows them! How he frolicked among popular superstitions, not far removed from the manner of a subtler Mencken compiling the Athenian Credo! How—to bring the parallel entirely to date—he took off the belief in supernatural manifestations in The Lover of Lies much as if he foresaw Sir Oliver Lodge and Conan Doyle and parodied the travel literature of his day in A True Story much as if he foresaw the exotic vagaries of 1921 and "The Cruise of the Kawa"! But while Lucian lacks a Gilbert Murray, we have the Loeb translation.

CARL VAN DOREN

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Books

How Rich Are We?

Income in the United States: Its Amount and Distribution, 1909-1919. By the Staff of the National Bureau of Economic Research, Inc. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.50.

IS the National Income adequate to provide a decent living for all persons? Is this income increasing as rapidly as the population? Is its distribution among individuals growing more or less unequal? Happily the answers to these important questions at last begin to be something better than guesswork. The book in hand indicates that we do produce enough to provide everyone a decent living, that income grows faster than population, and that during the war (temporarily at least) the distribution among individuals grew slightly less unequal.

This study is the first report of the National Bureau of Economic Research. That body counts on its board of directors men of every school of economic thought, who have all taken keen interest in the present investigation. That aside, the names of Wesley C. Mitchell and his fellow-workers of the staff of the Bureau are alone sufficient guaranty of the impartiality and high scientific character of the work done. The writers have wisely left detailed discussion of evidence and methods for a second volume, realizing that what interests the general reader is results.

"The National Income is taken to consist of the commodities and services produced by the people of the country or obtained from abroad for their use, with the omission of goods for which no price is commonly paid, for example, the services of housewives." A moderate allowance for such services adds a full quarter to the figures of total income. Two independent estimates of the National Income were made for each year. One shows income received, using such data as income-tax returns, reports on wages and salaries, and the like. The other shows income produced, employing the statistics of crops grown, coal and metals mined, goods manufactured and transported, and similar figures. The maximum discrepancy between the two estimates in any year was only 7 per cent, and the average divergence over nine years less than 2.3 per cent. This remarkable agreement lends increased credibility to the figures.

The National Income rose from 28.3 billion dollars in 1909 to 61 billions in 1918, or from $318 to $586 per capita. Our per capita income of $335 in 1914 compares with a corresponding figure of $263 for Australia, $243 for the United Kingdom, and $146 for Germany in the same year, to take only the three countries for which approximately accurate estimates are available. In 1918 our average income was over $2,500 per family—a fairly satisfactory answer to the first question that the Bureau set for itself. The total income here considered, however, includes not only what is actually consumed, but what is saved for further production, and also the corporate surplus, which is not distributed to individuals at all, and which varied from 2½ to 8 per cent of the total during the years covered. Despite these deductions, our trouble appears not to be inadequate production.

Most of the huge increase in the National Income during the war was due to the rise of prices. Reducing the income of each year to its purchasing power in terms of 1913 prices, the investigators find that the American people received in 1909 the equivalent of 30.1 billion dollars, and that their income rose to 40.7 billions in 1916 and 1917, only to fall to 38.8 billions in 1918 and somewhat less in 1919. Our per capita production of goods and services, expressed in 1913 prices, came to $333 worth in 1909, $400 in 1916, and $372 in 1918—figures that receive support from the estimates of physical production recently worked out by four different statisticians working independently. Plainly enough, despite the losses of the war, our actual production of goods increased faster than population during the decade, and we all ought to have been better off economically at its close than at its beginning.

Who got the product? The question admits of no simple answer. The share paid to employees as compensation for their services varied from about one-eighth of the total in agriculture to about three-quarters in mining, manufacturing, water transportation, and government work. The proportion received by "management and property," including rentals, royalties, interest and dividends, in mining, manufacturing and land transportation, varied from 33.3 per cent in the boom year 1916 to 22.7 per cent in 1918, averaging about 29 per cent over the decade. The Bureau makes a rough estimate of the distribution of the total National Income in 1918 as follows:

	Millions of Dollars	Per Cent of National Income
Employees		
Receiving less than $5,000	$32,910	54.5
Receiving from $5,000 to $20,000	1,585	2.6
Receiving over $20,000	942	1.6
All Employees	$35,437	58.7
Non-Employees	24,929	41.3
Total National Income	$60,366	100.

Manifestly these figures do not show the "share of labor" in the product. To take a single example, "non-employees" include farmers, whose income consists largely of pay for their own labor.

Leaving questions of proportion, we find that the average annual earnings of all employees normally engaged in practically all industries rose from $626 in 1909 to $1,078 in 1918. In terms of purchasing power at 1913 prices, wages amounted to $636 in 1909, $745 in 1917, and $682 in 1918. The average of 1918 was brought down by the conscription of millions of soldiers, and of course there was wide variation in different industries. Bearing these qualifications in mind, it is worth noting that the average annual earnings of all employees in all industries in 1918 would buy but 4 per cent more goods than in 1909, though per capita production had increased more than 12 per cent during the ten-year period. Wage rates in fact failed in many industries to keep pace with the increase in prices; but full employment and overtime commonly did more than make up the difference. Increased employment of women, children, and sub-standard men, on the other hand, may well have brought down the average of wages. In any case, the sober facts of buying power ought to be considered by critics of profiteering labor.

In 1909 but one income receiver in twenty-five had an income of $2,000, and even in 1918, after the enormous rise of wages and prices, only one in seven received that much. The favored one-seventh in the latter year enjoyed 40 per cent of our entire National Income. While the wealthiest 5 per cent of the population got a third of the whole National Income in 1913-16, however, their proportion in 1918-19 was only a little over one-fourth.

The Bureau's figures do not lend themselves readily to purposes of agitation. Yet they do support the view that our primary task is to improve distribution rather than simply to increase production. We are producing enough, and our product is increasing faster than our population. Yet the great bulk of our people during the decade covered by this study have felt a progressive difficulty in making ends meet. Such a situation demands, not agitation or denunciation, but clear-cut thinking about causes and remedies. The value of books like this one is that they make it impossible for us to dodge that duty by bathing our souls in a complacent and uninformed optimism, or by covering our heads with a gloomy helmet of thought-proof pessimism. Economically, we have the possibility of a good life for all the people. How shall we make it real?

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

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Chekhov

Reminiscences of Anton Chekhov. By Maxim Gorki, Alexander Kuprin, and I. A. Bunin. Translated by S. S. Koteliansky and Leonard Woolf. B. W. Huebsch. $1.50.

Note-Book of Anton Chekhov. Translated by S. S. Kotelianski and Leonard Woolf. B. W. Huebsch. $1.50.

THE Chekhov whom we imagine in reading his uncolored tales and dramas is a clear-sighted person, without illusions, without beliefs, without hopes. The Chekhov whom we learn to know from his letters is a man of warm sympathies, brimming over with good humor in the circle of his family and friends, sacrificing health and leisure and all that is dear to an artist for the sake of helping the unfortunate and the oppressed. He is consummately humane, a lover of civility, refinement, manners, and of all the better fruits of European culture. He is outraged by the obscurantism of Dostoevski and exclaims a propos of the teachings of Tolstoi, whom he venerates as an artist, "The devil take the philosophy of the great ones of this world!" He believes in the improvement of the human race, or at least in the amelioration of its lot upon earth, through natural science and technical invention and industrial development. His ideal is expressed in a reverence for truth, for good sense, and for work, and in a detestation of pretension, stupidity, and sloth. This Chekhov of the letters lives for us again in the vivid reminiscences of Gorki. The traits of his extraordinarily attractive personality—candid, shy, sensitive, valiant, modest—are revealed with salient anecdote and luminous comment in a sketch which is as remarkable for its completeness as its brevity. Nothing essential remains for his other friends, Kuprin and Bunin, to add.

It may strike us as puzzling that a man whose nature was finely balanced, whose appreciation of beauty, wit, intellect, friendship, and love was as highly developed as Chekhov's, who moreover believed so positively in the capacity of the human spirit to advance to greater happiness, should in his writings give an impression of cheerlessness and misanthropy. Being called upon once to answer the charge, he observed that gloomy, melancholy people always write cheerfully and those who enjoy life put their depression into their writings. This, however, need not be taken too seriously. We should probably come a little closer to the true explanation if we kept in mind that his theory of art called for complete detachment and aloofness on the part of the writer, a strict impartiality toward the actors in life's play, and a severe elimination of his personal sentiments. It is an attitude which he derived from Flaubert and Maupassant. The impersonal approach, it would seem, leads writers to the portrayal of what displeases them. Does not Flaubert say that "the best thing is simply to depict that which exasperates one"? And Chekhov found a great deal in Russian character and life which exasperated him—lying, dishonesty, injustice, violence, swinishness, ignorance, laziness, conceit, banality.

To be a really honorable and sensitive man and not react to these things was impossible. To permit one's emotions to vent themselves on them would result in bitterness and would defeat the artistic ideal of even-handed truth. With his usual felicity Gorki has described the spirit which guided Chekhov's writing: "He looked at all these dreary inhabitants of his country, and, with a sad smile, with a tone of gentle but deep reproach, with anguish in his face and in his heart, in a beautiful and sincere voice, he said to them: 'You live badly, my friends. It is shameful to live like that.'" Gorki's insight finds confirmation in a sentence of Chekhov's "Note-Book": "Man will only become better when you make him see what he is like." At bottom, then, it is the unescapable ethical preoccupation which determines the Russian writer's choice of material. Yet it would be a mistake to take too readily for granted the facile imputation of Chekhov's gloom. His vision of things is not so distorted. He was himself as prompt to rebuke a falsely cynical portrayal of life as a falsely sentimental one. Once he illustrates this point with a reference to Noah and his three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japheth. "Ham," he says, "only noticed that his father was a drunkard and completely lost sight of the fact that he was a genius, that he had built an ark and saved the world. Writers must not imitate Ham, bear that in mind."

Whatever a great writer leaves behind him is worth preserving. It is only in that liberal view that one can attribute any value to the publication of Chekhov's "Note-Book." Chekhov himself did not set great store by such things; in fact, he discouraged writers from relying on them. The substance of the present book is meager and is made up of short jottings—a peculiar name, some feature in physiognomy or dress, a mannerism, a casual remark or action opening windows into the person's soul. The observations have precisely the tone which we should expect from our knowledge of the finished product, showing Chekhov's mind as a sensitive recording-plate of whatever was ludicrous, insipid, vulgar, fatuous, and absurd in human nature, or pathetically ironic in life's circumstances. Sometimes, but not commonly, he sets the observations down with such point as to make them quotable: "A man, married to an actress, during a performance of a play in which his wife was acting, sat in a box, with beaming face, and from time to time got up and bowed to the audience." There is a complete Chekhovian tale in the following note: "He married, furnished a house, bought a writing-table, got everything in order, but found he had nothing to write." Concerning the reflective sentences scattered through the book, the reader must be warned not to take them for expressions of the writer's own ideas, for their purpose obviously is to suggest the opinions or the mental attitude of some character for a story. Chekhov did not make his notebook a depositary of his spiritual confidences, apparently regarding it as a place where he stored his tools rather than as a closet where he made his confessions.

JACOB ZEITLIN

The Wickedness of Goodness

Life and Death of Harriett Frean. By May Sinclair. The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

HARRIETT FREAN was an only child. Yet she was hardly a child at all in the sense that a child is a thing of potentiality and promise. She grew upon her father and mother in the same way that a sixth finger sometimes grows upon a hand. It is not a real finger at all but a feeble excrescence which never attains to the independence and vigor of a real digit. The Frean family was like one of those deformed hands, although they were regarded by themselves and by their neighbors as the pattern of worth and distinction. In Harriett's childish eyes the Holy Family itself was scarcely equal as a symbol of perfection to the family of Hilton Frean. The blight of this awful filial reverence never departed from her life. She was never able to realize herself in the smallest degree; in her whole existence she was never for one moment true to herself. Her life was a tragic illustration of the futility of living for others as an excuse for the failure to develop one's self.

The austere economy of the art of May Sinclair contributes to the power of her portrait. She goes to work with the sureness and the delicacy of a Belgian lace-maker. She places all her little guide-pins with the precision of a perfect craftswoman and weaves her way through her projected forms with never a lost motion. The span of Harriett Frean's life was about seventy years; its record may be read in about the same number of minutes and without finishing with the impression that anything has been left out. The spiritual poverty of a life dedicated to mistaken deeds of self-sacrifice is not a theme which lends itself with ease or naturalness to an obvious and extroverted artistry.

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Harriett Frean's parents were sophisticated people even for the sixties. They did not balance *good* and *bad* before their infant daughter but taught her rather to prefer the beautiful to the ugly in matters of conduct. The infant mind apparently cannot hold the good and the beautiful apart. "Suddenly a thought came rushing at her. There was God and there was Jesus. But even God and Jesus were not more beautiful than Mamma." Harriett always inclined to an aesthetic God, forsaking in middle age her old vicar for Canon Wrench who moved in a "high" atmosphere of rich music, incense, and processions. The source of her extraordinary self-starvation was an incurable fastidiousness rather than a puritanical attitude alone. At all costs, her mother's daughter must behave beautifully; her father's daughter, honorably.

Harriett liked to remember herself as a little audacious thing. Once as a child in black silk aprons she had run away. It was her one wild oat; the beautiful behavior of her parents on this occasion successfully destroyed all further crops. If the Gods had but displayed a little temper in the crisis or had even spanked to hurt, perhaps their awful spell might have been broken. As it was, Harriett's new-born independence suffered a painless death; it was just drowned in kindness like a little blind kitten. Not until another fifty years had passed was she able to perceive, and then but faintly with her weakened vision, the clay feet of her father. At sixty she still explained herself to the world in the childish formula: "My father was Hilton Frean." Her mother was to remain forever enshrined. The aging daughter loved to read, or thought she did, the dark green Browning she had seen in her mother's long, white hands. "She clung to the image of her mother; and always beside it, shadowy and pathetic, she discerned the image of her lost self."

With a nice sense of proportion May Sinclair has placed the girlhood of her unheroic heroine far back toward the middle of the nineteenth century. The poignancy of Harriett's tragedy appears all the more convincing because of its Victorian background and her subjection to an ideal of womanhood represented by Evangeline. It also becomes more bearable, for nowadays we may look back on that era of intensive respectability as if from a safe distance. Those who are inclined to shudder at the audacity of the "flapper" may well ask themselves whether they would prefer to bring back the age when nice girls were nourished on the pale defeatism of a heroine like Evangeline. Not only Harriett Frean but her age as well was curiously blind to the possible wickedness of conventionalized goodness.

KATHARINE ANTHONY

Books in Brief

"THE Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri" (World Book Company: $4) by Melville Best Anderson makes, if one does not look at the awful red and black title-page, a beautiful volume, one of the most beautiful of all those called out by the Dante sexcentenary. The translation itself, standing free of annotation except for competent, informal jottings down the margins, deserves respect among other reasons because it aims to reproduce the whole effect of Dante—his sound equally with his sense. The question how best to translate Dante—as Homer—never can be settled. Honest attempts will never be unwelcome; this one is more than welcome. Mr. Anderson has handled the terza rima as well as it can be handled in a northern tongue by any one less than a finely endowed poet. He has achieved variety within dignity, and melody all the way. If he misses the great quality of Charles Eliot Norton, profound and consistent ease, it is partly because terza rima is nine times more difficult than prose, and partly because he has resorted to occasional archaisms such as "eterne" for "eternal." He proves at any rate the certain superiority of terza rima over pseudo-Miltonic blank verse like Cary's, if not always over the sensible blank verse of Courtney Langdon, the fourth volume of whose "Dante" now is awaited from the Harvard University Press. If verse is to be the vehicle, rhyme, arduous as it is, seems the way to go. But Norton's prose has yet to be surpassed from any direction whatsoever.

MELVILLE E. STONE'S rather sketchy reminiscences "Fifty Years a Journalist" (Doubleday, Page: $5), disappointing as they are, will still be indispensable to the future historian of our journalism. In the development of news-gathering in the United States Mr. Stone has indubitably played a large role, especially as he has lived to bring about something that has been dear to his heart for many years—the establishment of a property-right in news, finally definitely affirmed by a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in a case originated by Mr. Stone, which has ended much piratical thieving. What is lacking in the record Mr. Stone has set forth is a critical estimate both as to many phases of news-reporting and news-printing—subjects in which the public is today interested as never before. The charming qualities of Mr. Stone himself are unconsciously revealed throughout the book—qualities that have made him beloved of all newspaper men who know him. Of these the best example is his attitude toward the sinking of the Lusitania, by which he lost a gifted son, bearing letters of introduction from Count Bernstorff. Mr. Stone not only bore this loss with admirable fortitude, but he refused to allow it to embitter him or through him the Associated Press against the Germans. He even challenged in vain a historian who should have known better—William Roscoe Thayer—for proofs of a false assertion that Bernstorff planned the sinking and gave notice of the Lusitania's coming by wireless. Bernstorff probably has enough on his conscience without this. Again, Mr. Stone's quiet standing to his guns after the Associated Press had punctured the falsehoods of Secretary Daniels in regard to the imaginary attack of a flotilla of German submarines upon Admiral Gleaves's fleet on July 4, 1917, is further proof of the fiber of the man. A characteristic product of his times, Mr. Stone has ceased active labor just when American journalism has entered upon new and disquieting phases as to which, however, his pen, to our loss, remains silent.

WHITING WILLIAMS, formerly vice-president of a Cleveland steel company, has been discovering "what's on the worker's mind" by toiling with labor gangs in the United States, Great Britain, and on the Continent, at the pit-head and the coal face, around the blast-furnaces and on the smelting stage. This method of research, involving too many acute discomforts to become widely popular, one imagines, with executives, has led Mr. Williams to some interesting speculations on such matters as the relation of rum to revolution and of bedbugs to bolshevism. "Full Up and Fed Up" (Scribners: $2.50), the diary of his experiences in Great Britain in the summer of 1920, before the unemployment crisis set in, is direct, simple, open-minded, and human; most illuminating when his "buddies" speak for themselves. His conclusions are the commonplaces of the literature of the labor movement, but with the fresh bloom of personal discovery upon them. Insecurity and irregularity of employment, misunderstandings, and evil living conditions on and off the job develop the fear, the "tiredness and temper," that make for dangerous restlessness in the lower ranks of industry. Mr. Williams's reasoning is controlled by his anxiety to make the established order work successfully. Seeking to locate "the particular cause of the difficulty in any one case," he displays admirable resourcefulness: this group of workers is badly housed; that is the victim of seasonal unemployment; these men are over-tired; those have suffered from war demoralization; others have a sore spot or a squint, resulting from tactless action on the part of the management; this intelligent leader is illegitimate, and so unhappy in the social order; these intellectuals who are prominent in labor and socialist groups were educated at the universities for the most important intellectual work, and failed to find it in society as now organized. This

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last bit of reasoning somehow seems inadequate to account for a Cole or a Tawney or a Brailsford. In fact Mr. Williams discovers so many "good" reasons for the maladjustments of the existing order that one begins to suspect unconscious avoidance of some "real" reason. Perhaps the industrial system is fundamentally unsound; and perhaps if Mr. Williams continues his open-eyed, first-hand explorations, he will finally blow his horn before that dark tower.

ISAIAH BOWMAN'S "The New World" (World Book Company) is one of those books which ought to sit on every editor's desk beside the "Statesman's Year Book," the "World Almanac," Ploetz's "Epitome," "Statistical Abstract," "Who's Who," a copy of the Treaty of Versailles, and the inevitable dictionaries and atlases. It is a kind of atlas, geography, history, and economic encyclopedia combined. Its 215 maps are fascinating —no mere tracings of political frontiers but graphic representations of trade routes, mineral wealth, wheat and rice crops, railroads, religious and racial lines, density of population, rainfall. Here are maps such as the experts used in tracing frontiers at Paris and Versailles. Dr. Bowman is conventional in his own political views, but is scrupulous about facts and scholarly throughout. His maps of Teschen, Danzig, Rumania, Finland, Mesopotamia are no such hack work as ruins many of the post-war atlases—you can rely on them. He tells you how much coal there is in Jugoslavia and how much mercury in Italy; he summarizes the political history of recent years as if for some statesman who knew nothing of history and needed to talk as if he did—a very useful book indeed for editors! The book bears throughout traces of Dr. Bowman's studies in preparation for the work of the American Commission to Negotiate Peace in Paris. That too explains its excellence in regard to the colonies of the European Powers, and the utter inadequacy of its treatment of Latin-American questions.

"WORKING North from Patagonia" (Century: $5), by Harry A. Franck, scarcely makes the contribution to "understanding South America" that is claimed for it. Four years in our sister continent have enabled the author to accumulate a vast miscellany of physical facts, glimpses of manners and customs, and other peregrinatory detritus. If a Cook's tourist reads in preparation for travel he will find there much that he may desire to know. But the book fails utterly to plumb the spirit of Hispanic-America or to grasp the deeper significance of its culture. For one thing Mr. Franck labors under the handicap of being a racial snob—somewhat of a disqualification for interpreting the one continent in which the "melting-pot" has been truly operative. Brazil to him is "the mulatto republic." In Guiana he found the French residents "treating the Negroes with deplorable familiarity and equality," and he is outraged that French white criminals in the penal colony at Cayenne are at hard labor "among a black population" and "often under command of Negroes"! Indeed, he is constantly chagrined at discovering "conditions that would not be tolerated in an American community." Yet in all his vagabondings no one was so discourteous as to suggest that he go back where he came from. Mr. Franck's book should be popular. He has committed to writing what many American voyagers feel and express verbally. For this reason his impressions will have also a certain interest for Latin-Americans, for it will help them understand our America by projecting Main Street into a setting with which they are familiar.

LAST year was published "Europe, 1789-1920" (Doubleday, Page: $3.50) by E. R. Turner of the University of Michigan. Hard upon this work of some 600 pages there now comes a second, by the same author and publisher, "Europe Since 1870" ($3). Those who, already possessing "Europe, 1789-1920," pay good money for "Europe Since 1870," will be disappointed, perhaps also amused if their sense of humor be irrepressible, to find that the latter volume is scarcely more than a reprint of the second part of the former. The latter volume contains three chapters which are not in the former, and three chapters which are only a rearrangement of matter contained in three chapters with similar titles in the former. The remainder of the book—Chapters VI-XII, XIV-XIX—is taken bodily from the former work. The chapter headings are the same; the quotations at the heads of the chapters are essentially the same; the text is the same, except for slight verbal revisions and the addition, here and there, of sentences, paragraphs, or pages which really add nothing except so many thousands of words. When the problem is to make 469 pages out of 295 this sort of thing helps wonderfully. The result is no doubt profitable to the author and to the publisher, but it is tough on the public, since many people will be thus induced to buy both books, or, shall we say, to buy the one book twice. The book, or books, is or are not worth buying twice. The book, or books, is or are compiled with a certain degree of skill; but there is not in it, or them, any evidence of thorough research, or illuminating analysis, or of penetrating or suggestive comment. "Whatever evils attended imperialism, and they were not few or small, it is probable that the people affected were benefited and prepared for things better to come"—such is the intellectual quality of the performance. Most difficulties are serenely ignored, or expeditiously avoided by way of the pernicious "Although . . . nevertheless" which provides historians so convenient an exit from tight places. History disinfected for the consumption of freshmen!

LOTHROP STODDARD is a man of enormous industry, a facile pen, and a fluent mind. He is capable of something very close to real scholarship; but he has an irrepressible tendency to let sensationalism run away with his pen. His is the vice of modern journalism—he must write in headlines. His "Rising Tide of Color" was a popular scare-book; Northcliffe recommended it to the scared whites of Australia. "The New World of Islam" (Scribner: $3) is in a similar vein; and he is reported at work on a third book on the ferment in the Negro race. He has read avidly the French and English literature on Islam; his first hundred and fifty pages are an absorbing Wellsian story of the rise, decline, and renascence of Islam. But then the story drags; there are two long, dull chapters on India built of scissors and paste, without even a hint that the author had ever met a Hindu; and with a final newspaperish denunciation of the naughty Bolsheviki Mr. Stoddard comes to a disappointing close. His is a fascinating subject; if only some one like Colonel Lawrence would write a real story of the New World of Islam!

TWO new volumes of poetry from England do England only decent credit. John Masefield's "Esther and Berenice" (Macmillan: $2) contains two blank-verse plays, the first adapted and the second translated from Racine. Whenever Mr. Masefield has changed Racine he has done so in the direction of melodrama; when he has taken him as he is he has reduced him to a boyish simplicity. The rhythm is rousing, of course, and there is a pleasant energy of sound; but the man Racine is not here. The plays, incidentally, were presented in a small English theater on a stage eleven feet by thirteen, and this would seem to be a suitable arrangement for French classical drama, with its few entrances and its analytical dialogue. It is to be hoped that the experiment will be tried in America, and that the play will be "Berenice." John Freeman's "Music" (Harcourt, Brace), following up his "Poems New and Old," confirms the impression that he is a pure writer but thin. All of his pieces are too long. He seems to have resisted no phrase that came to him through his reverie and his rhyme. He is one of those county poets, sweet and mild and unoriginal, of whom England is able these years to produce any conceivable quantity. He has managed to get into "Georgian Poetry." Will he get further?

FROM "The People of Palestine" (Lippincott: $2.50), by Elihu Grant, one might expect an account, ethnographical

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and historical, of the varied inhabitants of Palestine. Yet the book disregards the very existence of some of the people of Palestine, for example, the Jews, and deals almost exclusively with the peasantry of Western Palestine, particularly the Christians. It is put together entirely from the personal observations of the author, but they are on the whole very minute, and his interest in every detail is so keen that the primitive ways of peasant life have to be "better at escaping than the liveliest locust" of the Arab proverb to be missed by this inquiring and sympathetic lover of the Holy Land. Every visitor there will have noted strange and interesting customs, ceremonies, rituals, foods, and what not. It is almost certain that these will have been recorded and sometimes explained by our author. If it be "leben" as food, or burial rags swung between trees, or stone heaps along the road, or distinction between the various kinds of holdings in land, or marriage rituals, household utensils, or the names of months, or the games of children, or the way domestic animals are talked to, or methods of plowing and reaping, weaving, and buying and selling—everything from the most sacred to the most profane has a place here. There is even a recipe for "Turkish Delight."

Drama

Drama and Decoration

MANY of our dramatic reviewers cultivate with great eagerness and pride their superficial aesthetic sensibilities. They are offended by the pattern of a tapestry; they are learnedly unhappy over an inadequate note in the acting; and elegant production soothes them visibly. When Mr. Winthrop Ames produces "The Green Goddess" or "The Truth About Blayds," their objections to the play have a hollow and hurried accent. Their sincere discourse is all of tints and gestures, the realistic nose of one actor, the burnished hair of another. They are like the lady in Pope's poem; false wit does not offend them, but they will die in aromatic pain of the too hectic fragrance of a rose.

They were not, to be sure, pleased with Mr. Arthur Hopkins for his production of "Voltaire" (Plymouth Theater) by Leila Taylor and Gertrude Purcell. They admitted that the play was both feeble and foolish. They made no attempt to go to the root of the matter, which is that precisely Mr. Hopkins's taste and intelligence and service to our theater made his choice of such tiresome claptrap as strange as it is inexcusable. There are those from whom we expect nothing, who never deviate into sense. Mr. Hopkins had no right to deviate into producing a play of paper and straw in which bran-stuffed puppets use secret rooms behind panels; in which the anecdotes and sayings of Voltaire that every schoolboy knows are gathered from the popular reference books and packed into three days of the great old man's life, not to illustrate an idea, whether philosophical or dramatic or both, but in order that the mechanical little intrigue might not collapse too soon. And the only fruitful speculation is the speculation omitted by the critics: What possible motive had Mr. Hopkins for this production? For the thing is, on its own plane, not well enough carpentered for a popular success. No word of friendly but firm admonition reached him. Mr. Robert Edmond Jones designed the set and the costumes. They are excellent. Mr. Arnold Daly achieved subtly interesting moments in the course of a predominantly artificial performance. These facts were duly noted. They are true. They are quite without importance. The only just comment is that designer and actor wasted their time. For their arts are arts of interpretation which are empty and futile dexterities when there is nothing to interpret. But this by now tedious commonplace is constantly denied by implication. If Kreisler plays an air from "Les Cloches de Corneville" he is still Kreisler. But he is Kreisler in the act of pure waste. The thing to call to the attention of Mr. Jones and Mr. Daly is that, as a matter of fact, Kreisler does not play "Les Cloches de Corneville"; it would be, indeed, rather difficult to imagine such a thing. And in this observation will be found the chief reason why the theater hovers between the status of a great art and that of a mean trade. Main Street, to be sure, calls the pride and self-dedication of the artist selfishness and shiftlessness. It is the business of Mr. Hopkins and Mr. Jones and Mr. Daly to be beyond the reach of that confusion. When they fall into it the highest compliment I can pay them is an unsparing frankness.

The reviewers who were not unkind to "Voltaire" are inclined to be captious in regard to Mr. Maurice Browne's and Miss Ellen Van Volkenburg's production of Shaw's "Candida" (Greenwich Village Theater). It is true enough that the production is an imperfect one, that Miss Van Volkenburg is not at home amid the vivid perceptions and tempered passions of Candida, that Mr. Browne, though he did everything that fine intelligence and exquisite technique can do, still looked a little mature as Marchbanks. What does it matter? The production was good enough to make a group of highly sensitive and reflective people feel a renewal of contact with Shaw at the freshest and most human period of his career, to clarify the play for them and reveal at least one astonishing moment in it that they had missed. Nor is this all. The Maurice Brownes were among the first Americans to conceive of the theater as an art. Struggling often against very real difficulties they have never dreamed of following the theater as a trade. The long list of their productions shows not one play that does not clearly rise to the dignity of dramatic literature; it shows a series of masterpieces from Euripides to Shaw that, but for their energy and devotion, would never have been seen by this generation of Americans. You cannot conceive of them as playing "The Green Goddess" or "Voltaire." Mr. Winthrop Ames and even Mr. Hopkins may betray the theater; the Brownes vindicate and sustain it as they have always done.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

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International Relations Section

Swedish-Russian Agreement

THE following English text of the Preliminary Agreement between Soviet Russia and Sweden was signed at Stockholm on March 1 by both parties and is the official and authentic translation.

The Government of the Russian Socialist Federative Soviet Republic and the Royal Swedish Government, being both desirous as soon as circumstances permit definitely to regulate by means of a treaty the economic and political relations between the two countries, have decided—pending the conclusion of such a treaty—to enter into the following Preliminary Agreement.

ARTICLE I

1. Both Governments agree to grant free admittance to their territories to an official representative of the other Government as well as necessary assistants (as secretaries, trade agents, etc.) to a number mutually agreed upon. The official representatives shall be nationals of the country they represent.

2. The official representatives shall have the right to issue passports, grant visas, legalize documents, and in other respects take care of and defend the interests of their nationals.

3. In the exercise of their functions the official representatives shall enjoy the right of free access to the Minister for Foreign Affairs in the country where they carry on their activity. They shall further be at liberty freely to communicate with their own Government, or with the representatives of their Government in other countries, by post, telegraph, and wireless telegraphy, also in cipher, and to receive and dispatch diplomatic couriers with sealed bags, subject to a limitation of 10 kilograms per week, which shall be exempt from examination. Both Governments agree not to refuse transit visas to diplomatic couriers or members of official missions of the other party going via Sweden or Russia, respectively, to other countries and to allow them to carry with them—subject to due control that reexport is effected—their diplomatic bags, which shall be exempt from any examination. The telegrams and radio-telegrams of the official representatives shall enjoy any right of priority over private messages that may be generally accorded to mesages of official representatives of other foreign governments in both countries, respectively.

4. The official representatives as well as their personnel if they are not nationals of the country where they reside, shall enjoy—within the territory of the other country—such immunity to person, private property, residence, and offices as is usually granted to diplomatic representatives and their personnel, in accordance with international law. Furthermore, they are to be exempt from taxation to the same extent as the personnel of other foreign representations. The official representatives of both countries will have quality and full power to act in the name of their Government.

5. The official representative of the Russian Socialistic Federative Soviet Republic in Sweden should be regarded as the only representative of the Russian state with all consequences deriving therefrom.

6. The representatives of both countries shall have the right to use the flag and other official emblems established by the laws of the respective countries.

ARTICLE II

Both parties agree by every means to facilitate trade between the two countries. Such trade shall be carried on in conformity with the legislation in force in each country. They undertake not to exercise any discrimination against such trade as compared with the trade carried on with any other country. The monopolization of foreign trade by any party shall not be regarded by the other party as a reason for imposing any customs duties or claiming any compensation.

ARTICLE III

For the purpose of furthering the commercial relations between the two countries, each party undertakes to grant admittance to its territory to nationals of the other party for comm rcial and industrial activities, subject to the existing regulations regarding the admission of foreigners in the respective country and under observance of full reciprocity.

Nationals of the one party who have been admitted to the territory of the other shall have the right to carry on trade or industry so far as permitted by the existing legislation and with the consent of the competent authorities.

ARTICLE IV

Nationals of one of the contracting parties, having been admitted to the territory of the other for the purpose of trade, shall enjoy the same rights of protection to person and property as other foreigners and be exempt from naval and military service, or service in the militia, or compulsory service, as well as from any contributions, whether pecuniary or in kind, imposed as an equivalent for such services.

ARTICLE V

The official representatives, their assistants, trade agents, etc., and other persons in the service of the one party, having been admitted to the territory of the other party, shall abstain from conducting or supporting any political propaganda on its territory and from entering into the service of or receiving any commission from the government, firms, or private persons of any other country than their own.

ARTICLE VI

1. Both Governments declare that they will not initiate nor support any steps with a view to attach or take possession of any funds, goods, movable or immovable property, or ships, belonging to the other party.

2. Both Governments acknowledge each other's right of entering, with legal effect, into every sort of commercial, credit, and financial transactions with the other country and with its nationals, within the limits of the laws of the respective country. Both Governments equally acknowledge each other's right to appear, with legal effect, before the courts of the other country as plaintiff and defendant as far as concerns rights and duties originating after the entering into force of this Agreement, or from an earlier date in cases of legal suits pending for trial at Swedish courts at the moment of entering into force of this Agreement. Writs of summons and other documents shall be considered as duly served on each Government when delivered to a member of the staff of its official representation denominated by the official representative, or in the absence of this member to any other member of the staff, if not otherwise agreed upon.

3. Property of diplomatic character belonging to the Russian Government shall in Sweden enjoy the same rights as the property of other friendly foreign governments.

The Russian Government give a corresponding guaranty as regards diplomatic property belonging to the Swedish Government.

ARTICLE VII

Funds, goods, movable or immovable property, belonging to the nationals of the one country, lawfully imported into or acquired in the other country—in pursuance of this Agreement—shall not be subjected therein—on the part of the Government or of any local authority—either to confiscation or to requisition without fair compensation.

Nationals, societies, and firms belonging to one of the parties shall have the right (subject to observance of the legislation in force) to appear before the courts as plaintiff or defendant and to apply to the authorities of the other party.

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ARTICLE VIII

Passports, powers of attorney, and other documents, issued or certified by the competent authorities in either country, shall be treated in the other country as if they were issued or certified by the authorities of a formally recognized foreign government.

The Swedish and the Russian Government will not refuse transit visas to Russian and Swedish citizens, respectively, wishing to go via Sweden or Russia to other countries, subject to the existing regulations regarding the transit of foreigners and under observance of full reciprocity.

ARTICLE IX

Russian and Swedish merchant ships, their masters, crews, and cargoes shall, in ports of Sweden and Russia, respectively, receive in all respects the treatment, facilities, privileges, and protections, which are usually accorded by the established practice of commercial nations to foreign merchant ships, their masters, crews, and cargoes, visiting their ports, including the facilities, usually accorded in respect of coal and water, berthing, dry docks, cranes, ware-houses, repairs, and pilotage and generally all services, appliances, and premises connected with merchant shipping.

ARTICLE X

Both countries agree to permit the transit of goods from and to the other country in accordance with the laws of the respective countries. Such transit goods may be reshipped, stored, or reexported in conformity with the regulations of the respective countries. They shall be exempt from customs duties and transit dues to the same extent as transit goods to or from any other country. Nothing in this stipulation, however, shall entitle either party to claim the benefit of special transit agreements made by the other party with any third country.

ARTICLE XI

Swedish subjects staying in Russia, or being admitted into that country after the entering into force of this Agreement, shall be permitted to leave the country, when they so desire. They shall be entitled to import to Russia household goods, intended for their own use, and—when leaving the country—to export such goods, imported after the entering into force of this Agreement.

ARTICLE XII

Each party undertakes when requested to assist to the best of its ability the official representative of the other party in finding premises necessary for living and carrying on his work.

ARTICLE XIII

Both parties agree to renew—immediately after the entering into force of this Agreement—regular postal service between the two countries in conformity with conditions that may be agreed upon between the postal administrations of the two countries.

ARTICLE XIV

No claim may be made in view of the stipulations in this Agreement on any privilege that the Russian Government have accorded, or may accord, to the new boundary states which constituted parts of the former Russian Empire as it existed January 1, 1917, as long as the same privilege has not been extended to any other country.

Equally no claim may be made on any privileges that the Swedish Government have accorded, or may accord, to Denmark or Norway, or both these countries, as long as the same privilege has not been extended to any other country.

ARTICLE XV

Both parties declare that all claims of either party or of its nationals against the other party, in respect of property or rights or in respect of obligations incurred by the existing or former Government of either country, shall be equitably dealt with in the treaty referred to in the preamble or in an international arrangement or in any other way mutually agreed upon.

ARTICLE XVI

If either of the parties should wish to terminate the present Agreement such party should give three months' notice thereof. In the event of this Agreement being terminated either by notice or mutual agreement, the official representatives with their personnel shall be allowed to remain in the country where they have been residing, during a period necessary for the complete winding up of commercial transactions and the disposal or export of the goods belonging to their Governments, such period not to exceed three months after the termination of the Agreement.

ARTICLE XVII

The present Agreement shall be ratified by the Government of the Russian Socialist Federative Soviet Republic, and by His Majesty the King of Sweden, subject to the consent of the Riksdag.

The ratifications of the Agreement shall be exchanged at Stockholm as soon as possible and the Agreement shall enter into force on the day of the exchange of ratifications.

Done in duplicate at Stockholm, March 1, 1922.

P. M. KERGENTZEFF
C. E. SVENSSON
(*l. s.*)

The Abolition of the Cheka

IT has been reported in the press that at the recent All-Russian Congress of Soviets held in Moscow a resolution was passed recommending the reorganization and abridgment of the powers of the All-Russian Extraordinary Commission, the so-called "Cheka," in view of the quiet reigning on the fronts and the changed internal condition. This resolution was embodied in the following decree published in the Moscow *Izvestya* of February 8. It was to go into effect immediately upon publication.

DECREE OF THE ALL-RUSSIAN CENTRAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

In execution of the resolution adopted at the Ninth All-Russion Congress of the Soviets providing for the reorganization of the All-Russian Extraordinary Commission to Combat Counter-Revolution, Profiteering, and Official Offenses, and of its local organs, the All-Russian Central Executive Committee decrees:

1. The abolition of the All-Russian Extraordinary Commission and its local organs.

2. The transfer to the Commissariat of Internal Affairs of the following tasks, beside those provided for in Paragraph I of the Regulations of the Commissariat of Internal Affairs:

(a) The suppression of open counter-revolutionary attempts, including the bandit movement;

(b) The taking of measures for defense and for the struggle against espionage;

(c) The guarding of railways and water ways;

(d) The establishment of a political guard on the boundaries of the R. S. F. S. R.;

(e) The struggle against contraband and against the unlawful crossing of the Republic's frontiers of persons without permission;

(f) The execution of special orders of the Praesidium of the All-Russian Central Executive Committee or the Council of People's Commissars pertaining to the maintenance of revolutionary order.

3. The creation of a National Political Department to be attached to the Commissariat of Internal Affairs of the R. S. F. S. R. with the personal chairmanship of the Commissar of Internal Affairs or his Associate appointed by the Council of People's Commissars, and, in the provinces, political depart-

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ments to be attached to the central executive committees of the autonomous republics and regions or to the provincial executive committees.

4. The political departments of the autonomous republics and regions should be directly connected with the Political Department of the Commissariat of Internal Affairs along the same lines as the other combined commissariats and departments of the republics and regions.

5. The activities of the political departments of the provincial executive committees should conform with the special regulations adopted for them by the Praesidium of the Central Executive Committee.

[Note: The "special divisions" and "transport divisions" incorporated in the national and provincial political departments are to combat crime among the army and on the railways on the basis of special regulations adopted by the Praesidium of the Central Executive Committee.]

6. The National Political Department should have, in its direct authority, special military detachments, the number of which is to be determined by the Council of Labor and Defense, managed by a special military staff of the National Political Department.

7. If the necessity arises of adopting preventive measures against persons connected with counter-revolutionary attempts, the bandit movement, espionage, thefts on the railways and waterways, contraband, and passing the frontiers without permission, the national and provincial political departments and their representatives in the districts have a right of search, seizure, and arrest only on the following bases:

(a) In regard to persons caught in the act of committing the crime the agents of the political departments are entitled to make arrests, searches, and seizures without a special order of the national or provincial political department but with the sanction of the chairman of the national or provincial political department to follow during 48 hours after the moment the preventive measures were adopted; in all other cases arrests as well as searches and seizures are permitted only after a decision of the national or provincial political department signed by the chairman of the department and on the strength of special orders which are issued according to instructions adopted by the National Political Department and confirmed by the Commissariat of Justice;

(b) The arrested person must be indicted not later than two weeks after the day of his arrest;

(c) Not later than two months after the day of the arrest the National Political Department must either set the arrested person free, or ask the Praesidium of the Central Executive Committee for a special permission to prolong the period of isolation, provided the circumstances of the cases require it and for a term defined by the Praesidium of the Central Executive Committee, or it must direct the case to a court and transfer the prisoner to the same.

8. All criminal cases dealing with profiteering or official or other offenses which have been in the hands of the All-Russian Extraordinary Commission and its organs prior to the publication of this decree are to be transferred to the corresponding revolutionary tribunals and popular courts within two weeks from today.

In the future all cases involving offenses against the Soviet Government or violations of the laws of the R. S. F. S. R. must be tried exclusively by the corresponding revolutionary tribunals and popular courts.

9. General supervision over the application of Articles 7 and 8 lies with the Commissariat of Justice.

10. The regulations of the Commissariat of Internal Affairs shall be amended to suit the present decree.

President of the All-Russian Central Executive Committee
M. KALININ,
Secretary of the Central Executive Committee
A. YENUKIDZE,

Moscow, Kremlin, February 6, 1922

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The White Terror in Spain

The Inquisition

THE *Organizacion Obrera* (Buenos Aires) on December 10 printed the following manifesto from the Spanish Regional Federation of Labor of Cataluna:

We are living under the rule of the most unjust tyranny. Our situation is tragic. The sufferings which we are going through surpass anything conceivable.

The Spanish bourgeoisie, feeling its weakness in comparison with the proletariat and realizing that the moment of its downfall is rapidly approaching, concentrated all its powers in the hands of the military clique, which has for the past year been exercising the most relentless dictatorship.

Our organizations have been completely broken up. Our comrades—the best, the strongest, the most self-sacrificing—have been deported, imprisoned, or vilely assassinated. A band of assassins at the command of the military dictators carries out the orders which are transmitted to it at every hour, at every moment. Not a day passes in which one of our comrades does not fall dead in the street.

The criminality of the assassins reaches horrible limits. First our comrades were sent to jail. When the prisons could not hold any more, the system of deportation was invented. Bound elbow to elbow, in lines of ten, twenty, or thirty men, our comrades left one prison to march twenty or thirty miles a day to another, and so on.

The national highways are full of these lines of prisoners, suffering cold, hunger, and the lashes of the guards. But these hardships have not shattered the courage, faith, and enthusiasm of the militant revolutionists. Such suffering has strengthened their love for the cause, and impressed more deeply in their breasts the hatred for a class and for men low enough to resort to such methods.

When the tyrants saw that these tortures did not succeed in breaking the spirit of the revolutionists, they resorted to assassination. Our brothers fell with their heads shot through by the bullets of reaction. They thought that panic would seize the few who remained free, and that the workers' movement would be wiped out forever. But this brutality only helped to increase the efforts of those who had not yet fallen. Indignation filled the souls of those who were still at liberty and waiting heroically for their hour to come.

The cruelty became more intense. It began with shooting, but this was too tame for the criminals. They had to invent something more horrible. They had to get some enjoyment out of the suffering of their victims. They had to make martyrs of them, pulling their bones apart, tearing their flesh, and piercing their heads with swords. And this was done and is still being done in cold blood. The tortures of the inquisition are being revived and even intensified.

One of our comrades was found with his head completely crushed, one with his eyes burned out, and one with the testicles torn off.

Some of the comrades in prison have been set free in the middle of the night, only to be killed immediately. Others have been constantly threatened with "discharge," which is the promise of certain death. Others have been given poisonous injections to kill them slowly with the appearance of natural death.

Here in Spain there is no voice to echo our sufferings. The bourgeoisie smiles with satisfaction, believing that it has destroyed forever the danger of its downfall. Among the intellectuals no cry is raised like Tolstoi's "I cannot be silent!" which made all Europe tremble. The workers, submissive, are bearing the cross of their grief with the most complete indifference, and no cry of lament, no curse, falls from their lips.

We are alone, entirely alone, struggling against an enemy that has sworn to accomplish our extermination. Brothers in

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America! Comrades throughout the world, help us! If they assassinate us, we are done for. We have the right to count on you. It is your duty to help us.

We hope that you will not look on indifferently at the destruction of thousands of struggling workers who have sworn to die a thousand times rather than to submit to the will of their tyrants.

THE COMMITTEE

TO THE WORKERS OF MEXICO AND THE WORLD

The Communist International, the Red Trade Union International, and the International of Communist Youth has issued the following manifesto on behalf of the workers of Spain. It was published in the Mexican paper *El Obrero Communista*, on January 18.

From prison our Spanish comrades ask us to publish documents on the White Terror which they have to undergo.

The regime now in power in Spain cannot be compared even to the worst period of Czarism in Russia. Our Spanish comrades are surprised at how little the international workers have done till now to combat the White Terror of the Spanish bourgeoisie. The latest information received regarding the persecution of organized labor in Spain refers to a period of only ten days, from November 20 to December 1 of last year.

On November 20 the Government prohibited the meeting of the Transport Workers' Union. On the 26th of that month, the police arrested Comrade Esteban Camara. . . . On the 29th the Barcelona police published a great victory: the arrest of Comrade Caridad Alberti and her two children. She is the wife of the treasurer of the Regional Federation of Unions, and has been in prison for several weeks. The pretext was that revolutionary papers were found in her house, as well as membership stamps and account books of various unions. A fine pretext for imprisoning a woman and two children! On December 1 occurred another great "victory" of the Whites. Comrade Vicente Calduchs was assassinated on Ostalfanch Street by "unknown men." On the same day a comrade was arrested whom they suspected of being secretary of the Rope Makers' Union. Some comrades who were deported to the Mola fortress at Mahon have been brought to the military prison in Barcelona without a trial. . . .

This is only a week's work, to which must be added the months and years of assassinations and crimes of White Spain against the workers.

But in this tragic picture one feature is remarkable, and that is the tenacity of the workers, which has been proved by continual strikes, and the vitality of a Syndicalist and Communist press, which, in spite of all repression, is still being carried on. The moral victories of the working-class, the victory of the Communists in the miners' congress at Gallarto, and the increasing solidarity with which the revolutionary unions of Spain are rallying around the Red Trade Union International also prove it.

Workers of Mexico! Spain is ruled by the bloody hand of the tyrants of the White Terror! Our comrades are being assassinated; they are "disappearing" as they did in the worst times of Porfirio Diaz's rule in Mexico! This struggle has united the Syndicalists and Communists in Spain—and even the true Anarchists—against the bourgeois class.

Comrades! The Communist International, the Red Trade Union International, and the International of Communist Youth appeal to all the revolutionary workers of the world to act against the Spanish bourgeoisie. Boycott Spanish products! Dock workers, refuse to load or unload Spanish ships! Railroad workers, refuse to transport Spanish goods! Working men and women of Mexico, do not buy Spanish products or deal with Spanish firms! Let the international action of the working-class show the dogs of capitalism that the workers will stand by their comrades in Spain; that the proletarians of the whole world are brothers to those who are being assassinated in Spain and left to die in the streets!

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